THE NEW
STATESMAN AND NATION
The Week-end Review

Vol. XLVIII. No. 1227 [Incorporating THE ATHENÆUM] SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 11, 1954 [Registered at the G.P.O. as a newspaper] NINEPENCE

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Defending or Offending South-East Asia?

THE Manila Conference was called to save Western face after what was held in Washington to be a dangerous Communist victory in Indo-China. Four points of view jostle each other. Mr. Dulles's original conception was a great military and economic alliance of Western Powers to stop the growth of Communism everywhere in South-East Asia. If the only Asian Powers ready to participate were Formosa, the Philippines, South Korea, Siam—and possibly Pakistan—that couldn't be helped. The British view was that Western intervention should only be attempted in countries which wanted help in resisting military aggression. It would be folly to go beyond this without the support of India and the other Colombo Powers. The Indians object to any security pact, except one of the Locarno type—a guarantee against aggression jointly given by China and the Western Powers. The Chinese notion is to make separate pacts with each of the nations of South-East Asia.

It is evidence of increasing realism in Washington that the Manila pact has been signed after only four days of conference, and that, broadly, the British view has been accepted—particularly in the reported provision that "no action on the territory of any designated State should be taken except by the invitation or consent of that State."

Three questions immediately arise. Is the pact helpful to the people of South-East Asia? Has it added to British commitments in the East? Does it make world war more or less likely? The answer to the first question is that the pact is unpleasantly reminiscent of Metternich's Holy Alliance, in that it attempts, in its section on "subversion," to guarantee a *status quo* which cannot and should not be maintained. The danger is obvious, for instance, in Bangkok, where the Government is as corrupt and as ripe for self-destruction as Chiang Kai-shek's was. No wonder the British have seen to it that no guarantee of "action," as opposed to consultation, is made in the event of revolutionary outbreak in Thailand. The only force that could conceivably prevent social upheaval in South-East Asia today would be a vast extension of the "Colombo Plan"—that is to say, a scheme by which progressive Asian governments were aided by financial and technical assistance to carry out the type of economic change which India is, in fact, attempting, and which is utterly repulsive to the Government in Bangkok. If the object is to help South-East Asia, and make Communism unnecessary, military guarantees are, in themselves, worse than useless.

Secondly, British people may feel that their risks and commitments have not been materially changed. The 21st Parallel, which is, broadly, to define the northward scope of the pact—apart from the signatories' territory—excludes Formosa and the whole area of limited war which the Americans and Chinese are now fighting off the coast of South China. The pact does, however, provide for possible inclusion of other "designated" countries. In any case, it is a somewhat vague affair. The organisation is of the Anzus consultation variety rather than of the Nato pattern. Mr. Dulles has talked about forces being "earmarked" or "available" for Seato's defensive purposes, but there is to be no standing army, permanent headquarters, or unified command. Nominally we are committed to nothing more than fulfilment of our United Nations obligations to resist aggression. The difference is that Seato could presumably be used without prior sanction by the Security Council. In short, it circumvents the Russian veto.

The answer to the third question depends on the view taken of Chinese and American intentions. If it is held that the Communists intend to expand by military means in South-East Asia, and that the pact is fair warning that full-scale war with the West would be the result, then the immediate effect might be beneficial in that Chou En-lai would walk even more warily than he does at present. If, on the other hand, we see the whole upheaval in Asia as a

vast and necessary economic and social upheaval which would threaten Western power and interests whether China was Communist or not, then a military pact to which only Pakistan, amongst the Colombo Powers, adheres, is likely to increase Communism in Asia, where the majority of the literate population already tends to regard China as a liberator and "American imperialism" as the principal enemy. In that case, the prospect is of increased Communist activity, and of local struggles—with confused Western arguments and half-hearted intervention.

Bonn Puts Up its Price

The British Government's hope evidently is that, if held, a Nine-Power conference in London can succeed in devising a formula which will enable the Nato Council to admit to its membership a Germany which enjoys more or less complete sovereignty, including the right to rearm, but accepts, temporarily and voluntarily, such limitations on the size and supply system of its armed forces as will allay legitimate French apprehensions. The calculation seems highly unrealistic. On the one hand there is powerful and growing opposition in Paris to the inclusion in Nato of a resuscitated Wehrmacht—including, notably, that from the "Europeans" who were in favour of E.D.C.

On the other hand, it is equally doubtful whether the Bonn Government in its present mood will be ready to give the French any substantial safeguard at all against unlimited German rearmament. With Senator Wiley proclaiming the virtues of "100 per cent." sovereignty for Western Germany, General von Manteuffel is telling his countrymen—and Europe—that there can be no "nonsensical talk of controls" if the West wants German soldiers. Moreover, though Chancellor Adenauer, in his interview last Saturday with the correspondent of *The Times*, asserted that the rearmament to which Germany claims "the right" would be "kept within the limits which the European conception of policy prescribes", he made it painfully obvious to France that any limitations on Western German rearmament will be at Germany's discretion alone.

In short, Bonn is putting up its price. The alternative, as the Chancellor threatened, might be a "new nationalism" looking to the East. He might have added that that is precisely where a nationalistic Western Germany, under his own or his successor's regime, will be the more likely to look, the more it is given, by rearmament, greater power to act freely.

Good On You, Doc!

In spite of the harm done to Australian Labour by the announcement of the Petrov affair, so soon before the general election, the more serious damage may have been done after the election, during the long and relatively unsensational sittings of the Royal Commission on Espionage. Despite the uncertainty that exists about the authenticity of the notorious Document J, which Petrov handed over to the Australian authorities, its effect has been to smear two of Dr. Evatt's intimate *aides* with the suggestion that they have (wittingly or otherwise) acted as cogs in the Soviet espionage machine. Such an allegation, however unproved, is bound to make some impact on public opinion, especially as, in the common currency of Australian political abuse, Dr. Evatt is frequently accused of being too soft-hearted towards the Communists. Document J is, therefore, about as damaging to the party leadership as anything could be. Dr. Evatt's bold decision to appear as Counsel for his *aides* gave him the opportunity for a most skilful and damaging cross-examination of the two Petrovs, which considerably discredited both the witnesses and their documents. Nevertheless, if he was to remove completely the smear from his own *entourage*, he had to achieve the almost impossible task of proving a negative; and it seems unlikely, in fact, that he could have accomplished much more than his cross-examination of the Petrovs had already done. His suspension from the hearings of the Royal Commission, therefore, while he can hardly have courted it deliberately, may conceivably strike him as a blessing in disguise; and the crowd of Australian voters who greeted him as he emerged from the hearing with cheers and cries of "Good on you, Doc" are perhaps an indication that he has made the best possible of a bad situation.

The Unesco Purge

Mr. David Leff and the staff association of Unesco have won another round in their struggle with the Director-General. The I.L.O. Tribunal at Geneva has this week upheld a ruling by the Unesco appeals board which annulled the Director-General's order of last December that Mr. Leff should return to New York to answer a grand jury subpœna. At the same time, the Tribunal declined to pass judgment on another order, this time dated March 22, that Mr. Leff return to "satisfy the requirements of the judicial authorities of the U.S." This refusal implied no comment on the substance of the case, meaning simply that it should be the subject of a fresh application to the Unesco appeals board. As a matter of fact, both rulings have been overtaken by events, since two weeks ago Mr. Luther Evans terminated Mr. Leff's engagement—a decision that has already been challenged within Unesco and will almost certainly find its way in the end to the I.L.O. Tribunal. But the I.L.O. decision, which also granted costs to Mr. Leff, shows that, so far, he has been upheld against the Director-General at every level of the arbitration machinery to which he has taken his case. It shows, too, the lively fear which exists within these international organisations lest, as a result of State Department pressure, the status of international civil servants may be so reduced that they are, in fact if not in form, the creatures of their own governments.

Comets to Fly Again

The Minister of Supply's statement about the Comet was cautious in form, because it is for next month's Court of Inquiry into the two Mediterranean disasters to determine formally the causes of the Comet failure. But it has been generally accepted in the aviation world as indicating that the Ministry's scientists are satisfied both that they have solved the mystery and that adequate toughening of the Comet's fuselage is possible and practicable. So the Comets will go back into service—probably some time next year; and the Comet II and Comet III will be developed in the light of the recent investigations. So far so good: there will be general rejoicing that the devil has been exorcised, and the travelling public is unlikely for long to withhold support from the world's fastest, most comfortable and, from now on, we believe, safest airliner. Yet criticism remains and must be brought home, not so much against the designer of the Comet, who carried aeronautical engineering into a new era, as against those who were responsible for proving the aircraft and passing it as fit to fly. What has been discovered after ninety-nine deaths could have been discovered earlier. All concerned—the manufacturer, the Ministry of Supply, the Air Registration Board and the operators—must share responsibility for ensuring that never again can a structurally unsound aircraft be put into passenger service.

BRIGHTON

Palais Glide for the General Council

Our Correspondent at Brighton writes: For the first two days of the T.U.C., the proceedings were as smooth and fraternal as a ballroom dance led by the General Council. In the absence of any sharp issue apart from German rearmament—with the hydrogen bomb and social ownership motions accepted in advance—there were neither barks from the floor nor bites from the platform. Even the Communists' attempt to dish the General Council's emergency resolution on Germany roused little life on Monday morning. When John Horner, of the Fire Brigades, argued with some force that there was no "emergency" justifying the introduction of a new motion at this stage, since the issue was covered by other resolutions on the agenda, he failed to carry either the railwaymen or shopworkers with him, though both intended to oppose the platform's German policy. Once again, the Communists danced their annual *pas de deux* with Sir Vincent Tewson—a performance that suits them both, since it enables the Communist union leaders to appear as the radical champions, and permits Sir Vincent to dispose even of sound procedural points by denouncing their sponsors.

On German re-armament, however, the opposition has been too widespread for such anti-Communist tactics to meet with success. "Adversity brings strange bed-fellows," said Sir Vincent Tewson in his familiar style; Jim Campbell, of the N.U.R., in the most effective speech against arming Germany—"an inevitable step towards a third World War"—made the obvious retort. It was less surprising to find the N.U.R. voting with the Communists, he suggested, than to see the T.U.C. General Council taking the same line as Nazi Generals. Though the platform carried the day—by 4.1 millions to 3.6—the majority was so unexpectedly narrow that the decision may well go the other way at Scarborough, where the constituency parties' vote will be counted.

There had previously been a much heavier defeat for the proposal for closer relations with the unions in Communist countries; the Soviet invitation to a T.U.C. delegation and the suggestion for a revival of the Anglo-Russian Trade Union Committee was timed so neatly to coincide

with this debate that Arthur Deakin could denounce it as "interference."

Congress seldom seemed anything more than complacent and muddled. That note had been set at the beginning of the week by Jack Tanner's valedictory speech, and it never seemed likely to be challenged because no one except the Communists had any clear alternative to the line of the General Council. The debate on pensions, for instance, dodged every one of the difficult questions that the finance of social insurance is going to raise, simply by committing the T.U.C. to maintaining the Beveridge structure accompanied by higher contributions—a decision that is going to cause considerable future trouble.

ROME

The Retreat from Brussels

Our Rome Correspondent writes: While the streets of Rome were crowded for the funeral of Signor De Gasperi, the tall corridors of the Palazzo Chigi re-echoed with the obsequies of E.D.C. In the confused activity which attended them, opposition rumours claimed to foresee the resignation of Signor Piccioni, Italian Foreign Minister, already smeared by the Montesi scandal, which itself still rumbles offstage. But Italy's role in recent and future negotiations remains that of a spectator, and the official distress with which she greeted the news from Brussels and Paris was tempered by satisfaction that E.D.C. will no longer have to be steered through Parliament. Quite early on, Signor Covelli's Monarchists had made it plain that their conditional support was wavering, and the Left-wing opposition had only strengthened its already firm hostility.

While Dr. Adenauer's statement last week-end was received unfavourably here, even by "good Europeans," opinion among official supporters of German rearmament has now tended to divide into two currents—"English" and "American." The former, voiced most clearly by the Republican Signor Pacciardi, and echoed in Cabinet meetings by the Francophil Signor Saragat, demands an "initiative" from Great Britain, and welcomes the forthcoming conference as a step in this direction: it suggests an industrial and armaments "pool" similar to the coal and steel pool, and is chary of admitting Germany to Nato. The latter is the solution favoured by the "American" school of thought, which remains suspicious of any revival of the Entente. The Palazzo Chigi insists, in fact, on the supranational character of any future arrangement—partly to avoid the isolation of Italy, and partly to salvage as much as possible of E.D.C.

NEW YORK

Segregation in Schools

Our New York Correspondent writes: As the school year begins throughout the United States, a further stage in the battle against educational segregation of Negroes has been reached. When the Supreme Court declared such segregation unconstitutional last Spring, they merely enunciated a principle. They delayed until October 15 the delivery of final decrees on the methods by which the principle should be applied in practice. A temporary hiatus thus now exists, for public authorities in the South know that their current practice of maintaining separate schools for children with different coloured skins is illegal, but that there is at present no way of enforcing the law. Whatever directives the Supreme Court finally issues, reaction in the South is likely to be varied. Senator Russell Long, of Louisiana, son of the notorious racist, Huey Long, has counselled compliance with the law. But both Governor Allan Shivers and his opponent in the recent Democratic primary election in Texas, Richard Yarborough, came out violently and openly during the campaign for continued segregation. And, in South Carolina, Governor James Byrnes has declared that, rather than permit White and Negro children to attend school side by side, he would abolish the publicly run school system.

The first head-on legal collision as a result of the Supreme Court decision has taken place in Alabama. A group of twenty-three Negro children were unsuccessful in their attempt to enroll in an all-White elementary school in the city of Montgomery. The matter will be taken to the courts by the National Association for the Advancement of Coloured People. The outcome will depend largely on the nature of the Supreme Court's final decrees. But it is already clear that the long and bitter struggle is by no means over. Apart from the opposition to de-segregation in the South as a matter of principle, there are some real administrative and physical problems which will slow the changes. Negro schools were, in any case, often poorly equipped and new construction programmes will be necessary. Often a locality is predominantly Negro in population, and this can be used as an excuse for maintaining an all-Negro school. Wiser and saner Southerners already know that the days of White supremacy are numbered. But the fanatics can still cause lots of trouble before it is all over.

RANGOON

Progress Report

A Correspondent writes: In London, as in Rangoon, the death of U Tin Pe (in the KLM crash) is felt not only as a personal loss, for he was one of the friendliest as well as the most efficient of officials, but as a particularly cruel blow to the Government's ambitious development programmes. His ability and his drive in implementing Government proposals were well illustrated in the contracts for about £5 million which he signed with British firms only three weeks ago. One of them is for an engineering college in Rangoon. The other includes the mechanical and electrical installations, as well as the transport and supplies necessary for Burma to create her own pharmaceutical industry. The Budget, recently presented to the Burmese Parliament, includes more spending on education and on medical services. Apart from these and other social measures, industrialisation is to proceed apace. Towns and villages are being lighted with electricity and transport is to be improved.

Although Burma is working out these plans for industrial development, it is realised that her economy will remain primari agricultural with the main emphasis on rice. Last year's production was about 5½ million tons; the average figure for paddy in 1936-1941 was 7¼ million tons. An increase to the pre-war level would not only raise the standard of living throughout the country but help to finance other development schemes. With increased spending on social services and on industrial and economic schemes, and with productivity and income still lower than pre-war, the foreign exchange accumulations may have to be drawn on heavily.

The troublesome problem of Japanese reparations now seems nearer solution. U Kyaw Nyein, Minister of Industry, is at present in Tokyo, leading a mission to discuss a proposal that the Japanese should settle on a figure of 400 million dollars as payment for losses suffered during the Japanese occupation. Tokyo's intransigence over reparations has already cost her a large market for her finished goods in Asian countries and contributed towards her present economic crisis. Burma's relations with Siam, bedevilled by Siamese assistance to the KMT troops, are no longer such a thorny problem, and the Home Minister's visit to Bangkok last month was described as "the first momentous event which will break the past." But there are still KMT troops along the Burmese-Siamese-Chinese frontiers, and Burma has already requested the General Assembly to review the problem.

KOREA

Soviet Press and North Korea

A Correspondent writes: Several recent articles in the Soviet press have been devoted to allegations of poverty and militarisation in South Korea. In Moscow's view, Korea still calls for considerable vigilance, since the danger remains of "provocations" by Syngman Rhee. "The Korean question," the Pyongyang correspondent of the Moscow *Literary Gazette* wrote recently, "was not settled at Geneva, even though this settlement is essential both to the unity of Korea and to the interests of Asian and world peace. The United States has prevented such a settlement, and is still hoping to extend the putrid regime of Syngman Rhee to the whole of Korea" Yet Moscow seems to accept the *fait accompli* of "two Koreas." At least, that is the impression to be gained from the numerous accounts in the Soviet press of the enormous effort made by the Koreans to "get back to normal," and to accomplish their heavy task of "peaceful reconstruction." Apart from the constant implication that the country was wholly devastated, the Russian press does not like to dwell on either the human or material losses, it prefers, instead, to emphasise what has been achieved already—an approach which recalls the Russian attitude to their own reconstruction after 1945. A characteristic report from Pyongyang was recently published in *Literary Gazette*:

> Every day of this past year has been filled with constructive work . . . the whole country is covered with scaffolding . . . in Pyongyang, the immortal city, the main street is called Stalin Avenue; and here 6,000 people are working every day on rebuilding it. They are not only professional builders; everyone—students, Government servants, and housewives—is doing their bit.

The town council of Pyongyang has claimed considerable achievements in the past year. Apart from dozens of apartment houses, 30,000 small (presumably temporary) houses have been built; the city has been provided with a complete water and drainage system; there are seven cinemas working; there are twenty-two clubs, thirty hospitals and clinics, over four hundred shops, and fifty large or medium factories—including a brick works, a tobacco plant, and the great Pyongyang textile combine. The population has nearly trebled since the armistice. There are similar reports of Wanson, the port on the Sea of Japan, which was also "obliterated." The great railway workshops which received "6,000 heavy bombs" are being rebuilt. The Soviet press provides similar information on other North Korean cities, and the overall picture is one of rapid reconstruction. The methods seem to be very similar to those employed after the war by the Soviet Union, and these reports read rather like those of Stalingrad, Minsk, or Kharkov in 1946. The pace, indeed, may be faster, for much of the construction seems to be "light" building, and the Koreans seem to have more equipment than the Russians did in 1945-6.

Can We Afford Farnborough?

"Be not afeard," said Caliban, on a well-remembered occasion; "the isle is full of noises." Those of us who today eke out a living on this floating aircraft carrier may re-echo his words as we stop our ears against the clamour of the sky—though only the most tolerant are likely to add his rider that the alarming din to which we must accustom ourselves "gives delight and hurts not." This week the screaming of the jets, which, at ordinary times, seems to have a principal purpose of enriching the amenities of our cathedral cities and university quadrangles, concentrates on Farnborough; and once again experts from all over the world, together with some hundreds of thousands of the British public, move into this little military town to see Britain's aircraft production on show.

And a brave show it is—far too resoundingly popular this week to warrant more than the briefest reminder that, as our engines of both transportation and warfare become more and more triumphantly airborne, Britain becomes a less and less pleasant place to live in. No, Farnborough is not the occasion for wringing our hands about the discomforts of the air age. But it does, by its very magnitude and success, raise one or two more profound questions. The head men of aviation, from all countries on this side of the Iron Curtain, come to Farnborough each year to examine the shop window of the British aircraft industry. They come because British aircraft development is the equal of any in the world, and, in some vital fields, ahead of all its known rivals. No Englishman need be other than delighted that this should be so. If we are to maintain our living standards as the terms of trade swing permanently against us, it is certain that we must export not only the output of the mass-production belt, but also the discoveries of our scientists, the know-how and techniques of our designers and industrial managers. And since the war the British aircraft industry has shown how this can be done.

But, behind this brilliantly dressed shop window, lies a less satisfactory state of affairs. The glamour of the jets and the rich pickings, first of war and then of the rearmament programme, have combined to create, for the main aircraft firms, a privileged position in British industry. They live today, as they lived in wartime, in a world of "super-priorities," of easy access to Ministers, of special favours in the supply of labour and material, of costings and prices which are far from fully competitive, of Government patronage which is designed, as a matter of policy, to remove the extremes of commercial risk, and which even goes so far, on occasion, as to place special orders with the sole purpose of preventing individual firms falling on hard times. Collectively, they form, with the Society of British Aircraft Constructors, their mouthpiece, a very powerful lobby.

Present membership of the S.B.A.C. consists of five hundred Associate Members (supplying raw materials and manufacturing the ancillaries of aircraft), together with thirty full members, manufacturing aircraft, aero engines and guided missiles. It is difficult to give a realistic figure for the labour force the industry employs; but counting only the firms directly engaged on the manufacture and repair of aircraft, the total is nearly a quarter of a million. A survey, published in the *Financial Times* this week, of the products of the twenty-three leading aircraft manufacturers (excluding engine firms), indicates that in only about half a dozen is any production of civil aircraft being undertaken; and in some of these cases the aircraft concerned is a civil variation of a machine already developed for military purposes. This powerful aristocracy of the engineering world is, in fact, sustaining itself almost entirely by manufacturing ever more powerful weapons of war.

But not even the British rearmament programme has been—or ever could be, short of full-scale war—sufficient to sustain the industry at its present level. The deficiency is made up by exports. The S.B.A.C. proudly points to the contribution which British aircraft have made to British overseas trade. We agree. But we do not shut our eyes to the other side of the picture. There are both commercial and more profound economic drawbacks to a trade policy based on a product which is as unproductive and as subject to unforeseeable fluctuations in demand as is the warplane. Moreover, this powerful, privileged, profitable industry has the strongest incentive to use its power in every reasonable way to maintain its privileges and expand its profits. Yet it lives on the preparation for war. It has thrived on the dangers and tensions of the past six years. Were a general lowering of tension in the world to become a reality, the bailiffs would soon be impounding a great deal of sumptuous managerial furniture, and serious unemployment would hit some of the most skilled of Britain's engineering craftsmen. No matter how disinterested and public-spirited are the aircraft manufacturers (and being, many of them, first-generation pioneers of the air, they compare very favourably with the average British industrialist), it cannot be desirable that such a powerful lobby should have such a grisly vested interest.

This industry has already, since the war, used its great influence with determination to press the Government of the day to permit exports of war material to Spain, to certain South American States and to Egypt, at periods when, for reasons of State, the Government was unwilling to do so. We do not suggest that this pressure was improperly applied, still less that it was improperly yielded to; but it is symptomatic. The aircraft industry cannot live, at its present scale and at its present standard, on civil contracts. It could not, if its overseas conquests surpassed all sane expectations. Moreover, it cannot maintain its technical superiority, except by Government research and development contracts, placed in the interests of war production. Indeed, all the imaginable rewards of civil air transport could not begin to pay for either the research or the production facilities, which form the basic overheads of the British aircraft industry as it stands today.

These are the less agreeable reflections which arise from Farnborough. They prompt some disagreeable questions. Is it really good business for Britain to place, by deliberate choice, so much reliance on the commercial asset of exporting arms? Can we afford to foster a new vested interest, already deeply entrenched, already more powerful than all the old arms manufacturers, which, on account of its disproportionate size, depends for its position on the existence of a permanent arms race? Can we, in fact, despite short-term advantage, afford to maintain in production an aircraft industry far larger than can be justified either by its prospects in civil markets or by the needs of U.K. Defence?

Education in the New India

Education is in the melting-pot in India. When the transfer of power took place in 1947, 85 per cent. of the people were illiterate. The Indian constitution declares that the State shall endeavour to provide, within a period of 10 years, free and compulsory education for all children until they reach the age of 14. There is no chance that this objective will be realised within the prescribed decade; but the fact that it has been acknowledged indicates the great importance attached to education in the new India.

The Government certainly intend to abolish mass illiteracy as soon as possible; but they are also seeking to replace the pre-existing system of education by something they believe will be better suited to the needs of a vigorous democracy bent on improving the condition of the people in every respect. The aims and methods of education have been under continuous criticism and discussion in recent years and there is a large measure of agreement about the purposes which should be pursued. In the first place, the mass of the people must be helped and induced through education to take an active and intelligent interest in public affairs. The franchise has already been conferred on the teeming millions of illiterate citizens, and they have so far exercised their voting power with considerable wisdom. But Indian statesmen want much more than this from the general body of citizens, by way of active participation in political life.

Even more vital in present circumstances is the role which education must play in raising the standard of living. The terrible and ubiquitous poverty of the sub-continent, combined with the menace of a rapidly increasing population, demands not only industrialisation, capital development, technological advance and irrigation works on a vast scale. New energy must pulsate through the nation and seek expression through every kind of creative activity. The Indian Government is looking to a reformed educational system to provide this new dynamic. Education is thus regarded as part of the national effort—the path to the Indian Renaissance.

A third group of purposes can be broadly classed as social. These include rectifying the unfavourable position of the villages compared with the towns in regard to education—and indeed nearly everything else; raising the status of women; helping the backward classes and tribes; dealing with the language problem; abolishing caste; and promoting the cultural activities of the people. The realisation of these aims involves fundamental changes at all levels of education. In the sphere of elementary education, great dissatisfaction had for long been felt at the narrow and bookish curriculum, and the decision was made to introduce basic education. A basic school is based on the principle of "learning through doing," which is very familiar in this country. Each basic school is founded on a craft, such as agriculture, spinning and weaving, market gardening, carpentry, leatherwork, cooking, sewing and so forth. A child would begin with gardening and gradually move to agriculture, or with spinning and then move to weaving. All the school subjects are integrated with the central craft, and the school is designed as a miniature community. Gandhi believed that basic schools could be financially self-supporting by selling the pupils' products; but this has proved illusory.

The essential idea underlying basic education is to bring education into close relation with the daily lives of the people, and above all to make them more "action-minded" than they are at present. The decision has been taken to replace the traditional pattern of primary education by basic education and this is being done in selected areas. The results have not so far been conspicuously successful. A recent report on the *Progress of Education in India, 1947-1952* (Ministry of Education, Government of India, 1953, with an Introductory Survey by Humayun Kabir) remarks that the attitude of the people towards basic schools varies considerably from place to place. In Bihar, where the introduction of the new system has been most widespread, public opinion is favourable. In other States, the introduction of basic education has met with opposition both from the public and the teachers; and in consequence it has sometimes led to a lowering of standards in the three R's. The general conclusion is that in most States "basic education has not met with the success anticipated for it." Despite these difficulties, basic education will gradually become universal and compulsory for all children between ages 6 and 11, irrespective of caste, creed, class or sex.

At the end of 1952 about 40 per cent. of the children in the 6-11 age group were in primary schools, and the figure today is probably the same. The problem which confronts India in merely holding this unsatisfactory position is immense, having regard to the net annual population increase of five million babies and the very small resources available for education. The Five-Year-Plan forecast that between 55 and 60 per cent. of the children aged 6-11 would be at school by 1955-56, but this will certainly not happen. The reason is not indifference but poverty. The educational needs of India require an expenditure about six times as large as the present allocation of £95 millions. More money could be found only by spending less on the irrigation, transport, power and economic projects which are being undertaken to increase productivity, and no one who has seen the poverty of India will urge that such a course should be taken.

Secondary education, which is largely in private hands, is divided into the middle stage and the high school stage. The two stages cater for about 10 per cent. of the age group 11-17. The Government intend to have some basic secondary schools for children between 11 and 14. But diversity must be maintained at the secondary level.

By far the most important change since 1947 has been the abolition of English as the language of instruction in the secondary schools, and the substitution of the appropriate regional tongue. English is now taught as a foreign language in the secondary schools for 4 or 5 periods a week. The standard of English, both in the schools and in the universities has fallen considerably in recent years and in future it is likely to fall still further. The language problem is complicated by the fact that Hindi, the official language of India, must be taught in secondary schools throughout the country in addition to the regional tongue.

A huge expansion of university education has taken place since Independence. No fewer than eleven new universities were established during the quinquennium 1947-52, and the number of students receiving higher education had increased by about 60 per cent. at the end of 1953. India is probably the only under-developed country in the world which has a substantial surplus of graduates over current needs, and this will be of great potential advantage in the long run. But at present no one in India is at all satisfied with the condition of the universities. Much of the work (up to intermediate stage, at least) is not of university standard and ought to be transferred to the secondary schools. This would help relieve pressure on the university staffs, who are grossly overworked and underpaid. Student unemployment has reached serious dimensions in all faculties throughout the country and the problem of finding a job is a source of gnawing anxiety both to undergraduates and graduates. There are no university appointments boards to find or develop opportunities for graduates and the Government has been slow to perceive the political danger of frustrated, unemployed students. A beginning was made, however, last December when the Planning Commission in Delhi announced they would pay a substantial grant to State governments for 3 years, to defray the cost of appointing 16,000 young graduates to man village schools.

During the struggle for independence, university students were encouraged by Congress leaders to demonstrate against the authorities, to agitate, to indulge in strikes, and to spread dissension against the *status quo*. All this was of great help to the independence movement but it laid the seeds of indiscipline among the students and brought an atmosphere of political agitation into the university which has had unfortunate results. The tragic events at Lucknow last autumn were symptoms of a deep-seated malady, which can be cured only by a much closer and more intimate relation than now exists between teachers and students. This can only come about if the enormous teaching burden is reduced, the great pressure of student numbers reduced, and the status and material position of university teachers improved. In many of the universities research is impossible in present conditions. Library and other facilities are lacking, field investigation is unknown, and faculty members cannot spare the requisite time and energy. Vice-Chancellors, professors and Ministers of Education are actively discussing the reform of higher education. The leaders of opinion ardently desire the universities to provide not only trained minds, but also the moral guidance which the nation needs in every walk of life from the coming generation. They are unlikely to provide it without drastic reforms, which will emphasise quality rather than quantity and regard degrees as evidence of an educational experience rather than as a passport to a government post.

Lastly, there is social education, a term corresponding to our adult education. "In a country like India," writes Mr. Humayun Kabir, "where hardly 10 per cent. of the adult citizens are literate, a vast programme of adult education becomes a condition for the survival of democracy." Ambitious programmes of mass education have been launched throughout the country. These began with simple reading and writing but later branched out to the study of health and hygiene, economic conditions, training in citizenship, and

"Mr. Arthur Deakin, leading as in other things, promenaded the front in today's bright sunshine in a light tan Palm Beach suit, topped off with a plaited straw Fedora and a dazzling American tie."—MANCHESTER GUARDIAN

recreational subjects. A vast effort has been started to broaden and enrich the lives of countless men and women living in the villages, to show them improved methods of craftsmanship, to give them some knowledge of their country's history, geography, and social institutions, to inculcate the duties and rights of citizenship, to satisfy their æsthetic and educational needs.

Space forbids mention of the many other kinds of educational activity described in this first progress report. They include technical and professional education, physical education, cultural development in both the fine and applied arts, the education of the scheduled tribes and backward classes, international exchanges and many different forms of cultural development. The first quinquennial review is rightly entitled the *progress* of education in India, for despite all the difficulties and defects, progress is being made in many different ways. The Indian people are on the march towards wider knowledge, fuller understanding, and greater self-fulfilment.

WILLIAM A. ROBSON

London Diary

THE other day a very agreeable young man, who represents a well-known United States magazine, asked for an appointment. He explained, somewhat shamefacedly, that his editor had instructed him to write an account of "anti-Americanism" in this country, and as I should certainly be included, he thought it only fair to hear what I had to say about it. We met, and when he asked if I would admit to being "anti-American," I said, "I am opposed to McCarran, McCarthy, McCormick, and all the other Irish Macs who, under the pretext of religion or patriotism, stir up hatred against Britain and social democracy. Outside that, I count Americans as amongst my best friends." What a wonderful book there is waiting for someone to write about the long-distance effect of the British persecution of the Irish in the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries! Here, indeed, is a case of the wheels of God grinding slow but sure. All over the world the descendants of the aggrieved Irish, whom we turned from their native countries, hate the British, and carry on an effective propaganda against British imperialism. A few years ago, an English visitor could scarcely move in America without finding himself beset by angry people denouncing Britain's failure to quit India and half a dozen other countries where America has now built or hopes to build air bases. Although this was often quite embarrassing for a British anti-imperialist, he realised, that though exaggerated in the mouths of the Irish exiles, the charges were broadly justified. Today the British are still criticised in America, and it is still the Irish who organise the anti-British feeling. But now that we are really becoming anti-imperialists, the bitterness and the imperialism of the McCarthys, the McCormicks, and the McCarrans take the form of denouncing us as Socialists, and, above all, as "anti-Americans." Perhaps we ought to forget that superiority which has always made us too proud to answer back. We might select a few of the daily vituperations made in America against Britain, and start a campaign against the anti-Britishism so rife in the United States.

* * *

In Tibet's "good old days" it was the custom to poison a Dalai Lama when he reached the age of about 18, thus making necessary the choice of a child as his reincarnate successor. I have often wondered whether the story put out by the Chinese about the young British wireless operator, Robert Ford, seemed less absurd to the Chinese because poisoning was a custom with which they were familiar. When he was arrested in 1950, at a time when the Chinese armies were entering Tibet, the Chinese accused him of poisoning one of the many "living Buddhas," that is a high Lama who was Deputy Chairman of the Sikiang provincial government. He had, so the official News Agency stated, then destroyed the priest's body to hide his foul crime, and, worse still, he was a secret British agent. The Lama who was said to have met this untimely end through drinking poisoned tea given him by Robert Ford, had volunteered to go to Lhasa to win over the young Dalai Lama to the Communists. Six months later an official of the Foreign Ministry in Peking announced that Ford was physically fit and was in South-West China. Since May, 1954, he has been allowed to communicate with his parents. His case is shortly to be made public. It is odd that if the Chinese have a case against Mr. Ford—which is of course possible—they should make charges which arouse ridicule rather than conviction in the West.

* * *

I have always thought that one of the desirable offshoots of the Chinese campaign about germ warfare was that it provided a basis for an admirable propaganda against flies. You remember the Dean of Canterbury's superb picture of hundreds of thousands of children cleansing the countryside of flies with the aid of chopsticks. I see that the absence of flies in China has very properly impressed the Labour delegates. I suppose that, apart from the adroit capture of the flies with chopsticks, the authorities nowadays deal efficiently with garbage, use a lot of D.D.T., punish anyone who leaves food uncovered, and take the other sanitary precautions that well-organised towns in the West already take. But are there really no flies in the *countryside* in China? No flies where stock is kept? No flies in the neighbourhood of a farmyard? If so, the Chinese have added another to their long list of very remarkable inventions, and I wish they would pass on the secret to us.

* * *

The death of *John O' London's Weekly* after a life of 35 years will be sad news for the common reader. Since its first apearance in 1919, the paper has numbered many distinguished contributors—Arnold Bennett, Philip Guedalla, Osbert Sitwell, J. B. Priestley and the late Cyril Joad were among them. Though the last few years saw a certain falling off in this distinction, its thousands of readers owed a great debt to the paper. *John O' London's* real achievement was to popularise literature and literary journalism. Through its book circles, its readers' query columns, its numerous links between the writer and his audience, the paper involved its readers in the world of books. It discussed current literature in an easy-going, not too sophisticated fashion, and it covered a great deal of ground. Its easy, chatty manner was a stylistic survival from the older type of literary journalism. Among the young especially, it filled a steady need. Even when the embryonic highbrow graduated to sterner stuff, he generally retained his old affection for the paper. Its disappearance is due to the usual economic reasons—a diminishing readership and a declining advertisement revenue. But in a wider sense it is the result of the polarisation of our contemporary culture. *John O' London's* middle way has fallen a victim to the Third Programme and the TV viewer's easy chair. It now seems unhappily true that advertisers will not support a paper unless it has either a "class readership" or a million sale.

The Bevanite pamphlet about German rearmament, *It Need Not Happen*, quoted Dr. Adenauer as saying: "Our chief reason for entering the European Army is to be able to recover our Eastern territories." Adenauer's secretary sent a letter to *Tribune* explaining that he had not made this statement. The *Economist* charged the authors of the pamphlet with telling "a straight, though undeliberate, lie." (I recommend this phrase to teachers of English. What is a straight lie? How can a lie be undeliberate? How can it be both together?) They suggested that it was dishonourable of the authors not to withdraw their pamphlet altogether! Last week-end the *Economist* printed a letter from R. H. S. Crossman and Harold Wilson, pointing out that *Tribune* on its front page, which was responsible for the pamphlet, had printed Adenauer's denial and withdrawn the statement; that it was first made by M. Jules Moch in the French Assembly; that it was printed in British newspapers (none of which had been asked to withdraw it), and that it had appeared in a well-known book by James Warburg, from which the quotation was taken. The *Economist* should surely tell us whether, in addition to the withdrawal of the pamphlet it thinks that James Warburg should withdraw his book, that all the papers that repeated it should publish repudiations of it, while M. Jules Moch, the original offender, should stand in the pillory? As a purist in these matters, I should be inclined to agree to these somewhat drastic proposals, were it not that Mr. Crossman and Mr. Wilson say that, although Dr. Adenauer had, on this occasion, been misquoted, he had, in fact, on September 7, 1953, made the surely equally disturbing observation: "Instead of reunification, let us rather talk about liberation, liberation of our brethren in slavery in the East. That is our aim, and that we shall achieve—but only with outside help." Dr. Adenauer has not withdrawn this quotation, nor has the *Economist* apologised for its smug malice.

* * *

Sitting at my desk, with a piece of yellow (cadmium) blotting paper in front of me, I am supposed to be thinking great thoughts, writing leading articles, correcting proofs, or otherwise helping to subvert the world. Actually, I am studying the way in which Van Gogh painted a cornfield in a reproduction on my walls. I realise there are differences between me and Van Gogh. He cut off one of his ears; I still have both mine. He was born in Holland; I was not. He had a brother who financed him; I have not. He was in an asylum at Arles; I am not. And another thing. He painted better than I do.

* * *

I was glad that the long-handled edging-shears I got at Mr. Park's request were only on appro. He would have nothing to do with them. The handles were riveted on; any self-respecting shears are made without rivets, the metal ends being beaten—"spragged" was the word he used—out flat so that they couldn't slip or break. "Garden ornaments," he contemptuously called the shears I offered him; in his view they amount to "sabotage in the factory." He had known a pair that had broken right off . . . schoolboys' toys was all they were. I ventured to interrupt this tirade by pointing out that if the shears did break, which I thought might not happen for a year or two, it was I who would have to buy another pair. If I bought this pair, which was much less expensive than the brand he wanted and which was not in stock, the risk was mine. He would have none of it. A man, he said, must have a reliable tool. Yes, he could of course use the ones I showed him, but it was a waste of

money, and he wouldn't do it. So that's that. The truth is that Mr. Park is a dictator. He has no doubt that he owns my garden and everything in the tool shed.

CRITIC

MALTHUS RIDES AGAIN

Half the world's population is still underfed . . . 1,750 existing human beings have to go hungry for at least half of every year.

F.A.O. Report.

O, Rev. Mr. Malthus, dead so long,
The case against you is extremely strong,
Your prophecies are proved completely wrong.

Malthusianism science laughs to scorn;
You offered mankind but a hope forlorn—
Far better if you never had been born!

Starvation need not doom the human race,
Production with consumption can keep pace,
Planned plenty quite demolishes your case.

However population be increased,
Particularly in the teeming East,
All may sit down at once to Nature's feast.

Why then the words of warning and of woe,
Sombre predictions by the F.A.O.,
While granaries to bursting overflow?

Alas, the surplus harvest they report,
Means loss to store, and ruin to export
Though half the people on the earth go short.

Still every land must grow its daily bread,
But where the chronically underfed
Of old were purged by pestilence widespread,

The boon of death-control is now complete,
Too long the aged occupy their seat,
Surviving their descendants' share to eat.

While planned production every mouth could feed,
No agricultural planning can succeed,
The hungry so prodigiously breed.

Still Mother Earth by some strange oversight
Too little yields for mankind's appetite—
So, Rev. Mr. Malthus, were you right?

SAGITTARIUS

THIS ENGLAND

Prizes are awarded of £1 for the first entry and 5/- for each of the others printed.

Paste entries on a POSTCARD.

The parish council at Woodville, Derbyshire, have ordered a street lamp to be moved because it sheds more light in the neighbouring district of Swadlincote than it does in Woodville.—*News Chronicle*. (J. Barrow.)

Then on Platform 5 of Buchanan Street Station the tall, 75-year-old lord provost bowed low over the Queen Mother's hand and recited a German poem, beginning "Du bist wie eine Blume."—*Scottish Daily Express*. (H. MacColl.)

The skeletons of two young children were found by workmen yesterday under floorboards in a house in Englehart Road, Catford, S.E.

Mrs. ——, who, with her family occupies the 19s 3d a week terrace house, said: "I was stunned by the discovery. This is what comes of having the electric in."—*Daily Worker*. (P. A. G. Cohen.)

Princess Margaret's finger-prints, left on a cup she handled at a Leeds luncheon in July, are to be preserved.—*News Chronicle*. (R. J. Viney.)

Let's be reasonable, especially in our beloved England, which most window-cleaners love and have fought for.—From letter in *Manchester Guardian*. (E. Fletcher.)

Class Struggle in West Kensington

THE ultimata that began the Rent War were delivered by the first post on the morning of Monday, August 30. Seizing the opportunity offered by the new Housing Rents and Repairs Act, the property owners started to notify their tenants of rent increases ranging from a few shillings to nearly thirty shillings a week. The offensive, naturally enough, was led by the big commercial interests—whose lobby had worked hard for this new legislation—and notably by London County Freehold and Leasehold Properties Ltd., better known as the owners of Key Flats. Most of their 10,000 tenants are middle-class; respectability is vouched for by at least two referees. Yet, shocked by the size of the increase demanded, the residents of Queen's Club Gardens, West Kensington, and of several other blocks of Key Flats, have formed protection associations and have been advised not to sign any documents without advice. Facing the West Kensington tenants, Mr. Norman Weedon, a company spokesman, said: "The Act has been passed by Parliament and yet the impression I have got tonight is that we have done it."

The peremptory notices served on the tenants of the multiple-blocks may have come as a rude surprise to Conservative voters who had thought that Mr. Macmillan's Act was, as he claimed, designed to protect the seven million properties covered by the Rent Acts from dereliction and to give some aid to small landlords, unable to meet the higher cost of repairs and maintenance. But the Government's scheme, from the first, was a front for the Property Lobby, which is dominated by the commercial investors. It began, admittedly, when a Mrs. Armstrong moved a Conservative Conference resolution calling for higher rents to help "the widow, the elderly spinster and the working man in the autumn of his life." It was followed by a good deal of inspired propaganda about the number of houses falling into decay. Mr. Macmillan always spoke winningly of this "national asset" (though it is privately owned by investors who, unlike industrial firms, have seldom in the past made adequate provision to modernise and replace it) and called his popular summary of the White Paper *Operation Rescue*. Yet the weakness of the scheme has always been that it would do least to assist landlords who genuinely needed relief, or to ensure that the houses most in need of repair actually received attention. For these properties, for the most part, are either so far gone that very expensive repairs are needed, or have such a low gross value (£15-£25 p.a.) that the permitted increase would be too small to cover the necessary repairs.

In many cases, indeed, no increase at all can be made. The formula used by the Government permits an annual rent increase of twice the Statutory Deduction—the difference between gross and net rateable values—provided that a certain amount has been spent on repairs. But the Act also provides that the annual limit of rent, after the increase has been added, shall be no more than twice the gross value. Now a very large proportion of the properties covered by the Rent Acts have a low gross value, which means that the rent increases will be most limited—or non-existent—where "rescue" is most required.

The hypocrisy of this Act is also revealed by even the limited study of property-ownership that our present statistics permit. Mrs. Armstrong's spinsters and ageing artisans exist—though this Act will give them precious little help—but they own a very small share of rented property. In 1949-50, for example, the total income from land and buildings was £396 millions. Of this, £206 millions went to investment and insurance companies or to institutions and local authorities. Only £190 millions went to individuals and less than a third of this to individuals with an income of less than £1,000 a year. This last amount, moreover, included the *assumed* income from owner-occupation.

The main beneficiaries from the new Act, therefore, were bound to be the big companies, whose representatives control the National Federation of Property Owners. By continually drawing attention to the small owners and the unprofitable properties, the Government managed to distract attention from the fact that the permitted increases would be largest for commercial investors who were already managing to make a healthy profit. The *Financial Times* recognised this as soon as the White Paper was published. "For many well-known public companies interested in rent-restricted property," it wrote, "the proposals should mean an increase in available profits." Since London County Freehold and Leasehold (Key Flats) have already drawn the fire of their tenants, it should be noted that there has been what the *Stock Exchange Gazette* called a "marked improvement in their earnings . . . despite the restrictions." This was in 1952. The latest dividend, on profits of £230,486, was 11¼ per cent. (The *Gazette*, incidentally, was tipping its readers to invest in property shares, although this was over a year before the Government issued its White Paper.) Other investment companies have done as well, or better. Two or three have been paying as much as 15, 17 and 23 per cent., though Land Securities Investment Trust was the only one to reach 50 per cent. in recent years.

Property-ownership, in fact, is a very big business, even where much of the money is invested in rent-restricted property. An examination of the directorships held in investment companies, and of their links with the insurance firms—the Prudential has loaned £5 millions to London County Freehold and Leasehold—shows that the political interests that dictated the terms of this Act were motivated more by the search for profit than by any desire to preserve a "national asset" or to help the small landlord.

In these circumstances, it is essential that tenants should scrutinise all demands for rent increases with the utmost care. The Act is full of pitfalls for them, not least their possible liability for both sets of costs in any unsuccessful action in the County Court, and the necessity of making any challenge to their landlord within twenty-eight days. They should, moreover, be sure that the demands are made in the proper form and that the landlord provides all the details of expenditure required by the Act. I have already heard of certain cases where the rent has simply been raised without any formal notice, and in working-class areas there is an obvious danger that unscrupulous landlords will simply trade on the tenants' ignorance and fear of legal action to raise rents whether or not the Act permits it. Apart from appeal to the County Court, the tenant of the poor house has one other means of redress. He can apply for a certificate of disrepair if his house or flat does not meet certain minimum standards of fitness, although these are much below the standards laid down by an official sub-committee in 1946 and recommended by the Labour Government to local housing authorities in connection with the 1949 Housing Act. Obviously, the grant of such certificates, and the interpretation that sanitary inspectors will make of the standards clause, will depend on the local

authorities concerned, and especially on their Health Committees. Tenants who feel that they may now, or some time in the future, be able to apply for a certificate of disrepair, should be extremely cautious about accepting proposals from their landlords to remit one-third of the increase if the tenant accepts responsibility for internal decorations. If he does (or has in the past), the interior of the house would be excluded from consideration if the question of "good repair" or "unfitness for habitation" arises.

Apart from the Government pamphlet explaining the Act, there are two other publications which set out the new position of tenants.* Both of these, understandably, concentrate on the rent increase. But, for many middle-class tenants, who scarcely expected to be touched by the Act, the joker lies in the clause permitting the landlord to charge for the increased cost of services since 1939. It is this, for instance, which has really caused the rebellion in the multiple-blocks. In the case of some Key Flats at Maida Vale, the cost for one block—fuel, porters, maintenance of equipment—has risen from £3,616 to £9,317. "Services" may cover many items which such tenants have come to take for granted, from lifts to passage lights. Their cost has undoubtedly risen. Yet the property-companies have managed —often by securing "voluntary contributions" under threat of reduced services—to make their profits despite this. If tenants follow the advice of the West Kensington rebels, they will not sign the new agreements which require them to pay up to forty pounds a year more for services, in addition to the actual rent increase. They then force their landlords to apply to a Rent Tribunal, and there to produce detailed costings. Most tenants will find that they need expert advice in order to assess these figures, and such help is best obtained by forming a tenant's protection association which can employ common accountants and solicitors. It is ironical that a Tory Government should be driving some of its most dependable voters to organise for the class struggle.

NORMAN MACKENZIE

Ehrenburg in Trouble

SOME months ago Ilya Ehrenburg, encouraged by the more liberal appearance of the Malenkov regime, wrote a long article in favour of more lively, nonconformist and "inspired" writing in the Soviet Union. Although the article was exceedingly cautious, it was still typical of the reaction that seemed to have set in against Zhdanov's absolutist doctrine of "popular art" —a reaction the most striking example of which was Khachaturian's outburst against the bureaucratic tyranny that "for some years now" had been crippling Soviet music. But this healthy reaction against artistic conformism has obviously received no encouragement from the Party, and we seem to be back in the days when *Pravda* or some other official journal could finally "condemn" a book or work of art.

The latest storm has been over Ehrenburg's new short novel, significantly entitled *The Thaw*. The very official Mr. Simonov went for it hammer and tongs in two successive issues of *Literary Gazette*, in an article of altogether about 11 columns. Here and there he grudgingly conceded half a point to Ehrenburg; but, in general, he declared Ehrenburg's new book "harmful." And that was that. Ehrenburg's novel is, in fact, a vigorous pamphlet against the prevailing state of affairs in the Soviet world of art and literature. Its two principal characters are, on the one hand, a hack, called Pukhov, who paints the right kind of picture—"Holiday on a Collective Farm," "Factory Meeting," "Two Workers Reading a Paper," "A Happy Soviet Girl with a New Chocolate Box" (each choc being carefully rendered in oils)—and, on the other hand, a great painter called Saburov, "a man who only loves his painting and his wife," and "who seems to want to paint not for our time, but for the 21st century." Pukhov is aware of his own mediocrity and secretly admires Saburov, whose genius is totally ignored by the authorities; but, being a cynic, Pukhov adapts himself as best he can to the conditions and manages, for all his mediocrity, to make a living by "following the instructions"; by painting *kolkhoz* hens and cows, and by doing, on the whole, not much worse than the "great masters" of the official school of painting—by whom no doubt Ehrenburg means Gerassimov and company.

According to Simonov, one-third of Ehrenburg's book is devoted to discussions on art and literature, and he complains of one of Ehrenburg's characters, a young actress, who constantly grumbles about the awful tedium of modern Soviet plays. And Simonov is indignant because Ehrenburg has talked only of the two extremes—Saburov, the isolated and unrecognised genius, and Pukhov, the commercialised hack. He is also indignant that Ehrenburg, instead of trying to convert the genius to "the service of the people," tends, on the contrary, to put him forward at an example to others.

> On the whole, Ehrenburg proposes that our art should follow Saburov, that it should follow the road which leads to isolation, to divorce from reality, in short, to formalism. . . . Never will our art adopt this course, and Ehrenburg's novel may do great harm to our art by encouraging the naturalists amongst us to invoke his authority. . . .

It is odd how everything not closely conforming to the Party line should now tend to be dismissed as "naturalist"—naturalism becoming, in some odd way, identified with the old "formalism."

In describing only "the two extremes"—the unrecognised genius and the hack—Ehrenburg, according to Simonov, has identified practically all Soviet art with the latter. And he proceeds to quote a list (rather a short one, I must say) of present-day painters, sculptors and actors who could not possibly be dismissed as hacks, but who equally cannot be classed as "unrecognised geniuses." The argument is scarcely honest: the question does not arise whether Ehrenburg appreciates Saryan or Konchalovsky. What Ehrenburg is suggesting is that, in the total output of Soviet art, these few goodish painters do not weigh much, and that, unfortunately, it is the hacks, the Gerassimovs and the thousands of sub-Gerassimovs (of whom Pukhov is a perfect example) who set the pace.

Privately, Ehrenburg is, of course, a great Matisse and Picasso fan; officially, he did not dare go so far. His Saburov still paints only "marvellous portraits and wonderful landscapes." In any case, Simonov preferred not to raise the awkward question of the Communist Picasso. The significance of it all is this: a few months ago, there was good reason to believe that the ice had been broken, that "the thaw" (to use Ehrenburg's word) had set in. Today Simonov devotes eleven very official columns to denouncing Ehrenburg, for the sole purpose of defending the *status quo*.

ALEXANDER WERTH

* *Rent Acts Guide*. Labour Party. 1*s*.
Tenant's Guide. Labour Research Dept. 6*d*.

New View

AS the helicopter era approaches, the general welcome which once seemed assured has been disturbed by doubts and even by hostility. Detractors see the rotor-plane, now that it ventures into the metropolis and isn't content, like its fixed-wing cousin, merely to make life hell in Hounslow, as a mechanical horror aiming fresh blows at the battered fabric of civilised living. So I think it is time to say something about the pleasures of helicopter travel, and to affirm that it adds to what I understand by the good life.

I am one of those—and we are many—who are bored by the aeroplane, and who would a hundred times rather go to Rome in a Baby Austin with a leaky radiator than in a Comet. Pictures of double-decked airliners, entered by those vast staircases whose manufacture must be an industry on its own, leave me cold. Old pictures of primitive aircraft fill me with dreamy regret that I wasn't a passenger (I've never yearned to be a pilot) when flying was flying and not translocation. So the advent of the helicopter delights me as I should be delighted if somebody started a Dover-Calais service by sailing packet.

On one of the few summer days this year, I hopped from Southampton to Northolt and back. I know this part of England pretty well, but I felt that I had never really seen it before. That's the point with the helicopter—you *see*. In a modern airliner, an attractive view, if glimpsed by contortion round an engine, is gone before you can enjoy it, and long before you can identify it, for you never really know where you are. Anyway, you are above the clouds most of the time; and the top of the clouds, a striking sight the first time, looks much the same ever after. The helicopter flies at a thousand feet and at ninety miles an hour. When you follow a main road it actually takes quite a while to pass a fast car. True, progress threatens. The helicopters of the 1960's will do two hundred, but that's still better than the jet liner, which by then will do heaven knows what. For the first time in history, a new means of travel is slower than the old. Chalk that up to civilisation.

It's worth while in a helicopter to take a map. For it is less like aeroplane travel than like going by train without the tunnels and cuttings, or by car without blind corners, high walls and hedges, or enforced scrutiny of the rear of a lorry. The differences are all gain. They amount to a new insight into nature and into what man has made of nature.

Is there anything more beautiful than the track of a gust of wind across ripe corn? But the horizontal view is only a glimpse of that beauty; the helicopter view is the complete experience. Then, looking down on a wood, you realise for the first time how trees fight for the upper air. No cinema battle is more dramatic than this intense, silent wrestling. Just as new is gazing down into the clear Hampshire rivers—deeps and shallows, rock, sand, weed, and mainstream a living pattern. But the chief revelation is of hills, which are flattened out from the aeroplane and too close to be grasped from the ground. You see how they rise, how gullies eat into them, how they shelter the lowlands, how they cup a place like Winchester. You see them not so much from above as from all sides.

History, too, comes alive. The helicopter view reveals why towns and villages are where they are in relation to wood and water; it even explains the economy and the problems of a farm. The winding of an English road takes on meaning, but for contrast there's the Roman achievement, and a sense of the stubborn insistence that made it.

A panorama of cutting and embankment shows the vast hacking of the landscape made by the railway and recalls the angry puzzlement with which country-folk watched its coming. My pilot remarked on his discovery of the stately homes. True, for in the Home Counties they're often masked by modern buildings or self-concealed by park walls. The helicopter passenger lingers over architecture, has time to count Palladian columns, takes in the scheme of a garden; and he sees how cunningly the old patricians ensured a view by mounting their homes on hills, sometimes so gentle that from the road they can't be noticed. However, if his interest is in the planning of the twentieth and not the eighteenth century, he can tell which Councils lay out a housing estate well and which don't.

I leave aside the pleasures peculiar to this route, of which a scrutiny of Windsor and Eton is the chief. I hurry, too, over the chance delights—the wheeling of a well-steered tractor, the ballet performed by cars at a busy roundabout, the girl hesitating on a diving-board at a bathing pool while blobs of boys encouraged her. Thankful for the rural pleasures, I look forward to the urban ones—Battersea fun fair, trains converging and diverging near the terminus, a malicious survey of a traffic jam—that will be ours when helicopters rise from true rotor stations.

Abroad, they do already. The Belgians fly from heliports, as they call them, in the heart of Brussels and of seven other towns in their own and neighbouring countries. Britain had the earliest passenger service, but our services are still run mainly to gather experience, while Sabena is really out to win custom and has by now carried far more passengers than B.E.A. We are waiting for the development of British helicopters, while Sabena has bought American. Also, the reckless Continentals don't insist that a machine flying into a city must have two engines, and so far there have been no accidents. Truly economic services at reasonable fares will come only with helicopters that have thirty seats, and it may be eight years before British industry produces such a flying bus. But long before that Sabena will be asking to invade us with the big Sikorski, for the businessman who hops to Cologne would like to hop to Sheffield, too; and that will face B.E.A. with an awkward decision.

When helicopters come into their own, two difficulties will have to be resolved. One, of course, is noise. Listening to the Bristol from both inside and out, I found it no noisier than a train and much quieter than an aeroplane. The experts are at work, however, on silencers; and London's permanent rotor-station will not be the South Bank but something at rooftop height and surrounded by baffles. The other point is one—to use the freezing jargon-word—of passenger handling. Both Sabena and B.E.A. compare the helicopter to a Green Line bus. Sabena acts accordingly: there are request stops, from the ground by radio or just waving, from the air by a 'phone to the pilot. B.E.A. clings to the formality of air travel, which by now rivals that of the Trooping the Colour. My experience at Northolt was this. I was summoned from the lounge by a disembodied voice twenty minutes before take-off, hurried to the departure building, and was greeted by one of those tall, icy, beautiful girls for whom airlines have such a *faible* with: "You're late; the flight is closed." This forbidding phrase, it turned out, only meant that no more bookings were possible; and I got aboard after a wait at a barrier, two telephone calls, much escorting, and the production of a special card additional to my ticket. Surely, if a helicopter is to have anything in

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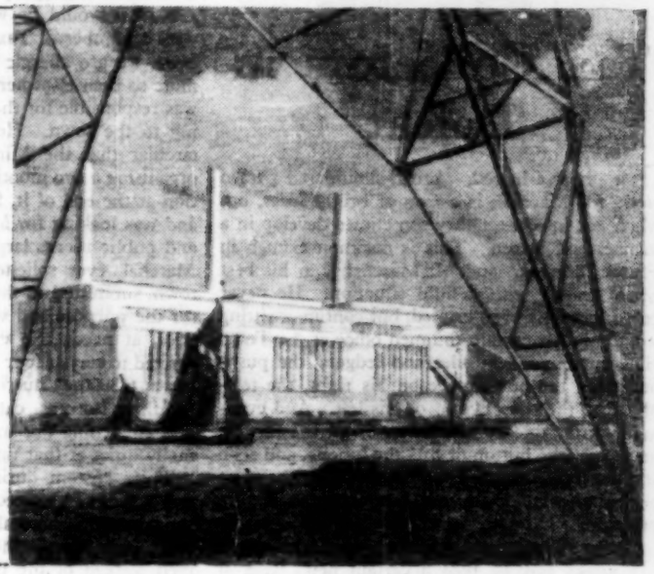

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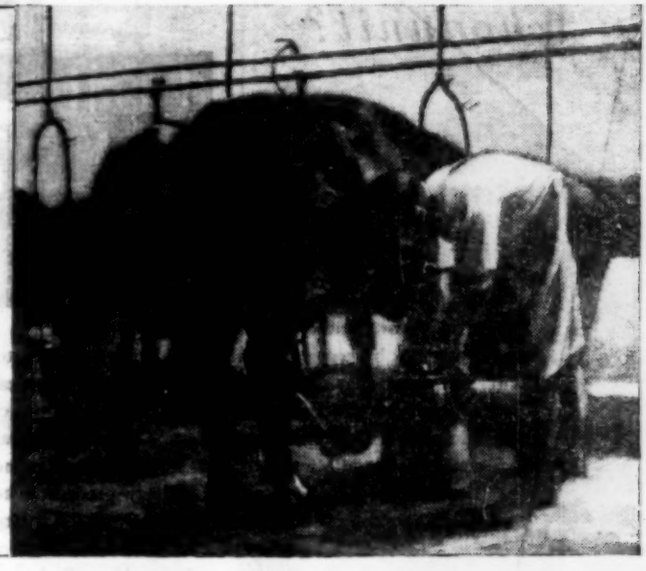

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common with a bus, the traveller should be allowed to buy a ticket and scramble aboard so long as it's on the ground and there's a vacant seat. In this respect, as in all the others, the helicopter can be more civilised than the aeroplane.

MERVYN JONES

Tax Collectors in Defeat

OUR sparse-haired, broad-shouldered town clerk, M. Marchal, is a man of bright ideas, but when put into effect they sometimes develop in a manner unforeseen. This is common enough in France, however, and M. Marchal is at his best when dealing with a fluid situation. He never gets *énervé* nor even excited, but continues sitting stolidly in his curtain-dimmed office at the Town Hall, surrounded by files and ledgers, the push-button to the outer office on his right, the telephone to the outer world on his left. And eventually, after due consideration of all the factors, he presses the button or lifts the 'phone, and soon another fermenting episode in the life of the town begins to calm down, and sometimes to mature profitably.

But even he must have been worried when, a few weeks ago, he read a certain news item in our local paper, *Le Petit Bonhomme*. Perhaps he wondered, too, whether his passion for basket-ball had not again created an unnecessary complication. The news item appeared under the heading BASKET-BALL, and, roughly translated, read: "On Thursday evening will take place the return match so impatiently awaited and so much desired between our veteran players and the Tax Collectors of France. Beaten by only a few points in the first game, our visitors mean to fight through to victory in this second meeting. Everybody then to the covered market-hall on Thursday evening, when the gate money will again be in aid of the old people of the town."

Now it would be wrong to assume that there were a number of Tax Collectors in the town because we are allergic to paying taxes. Well, no more so than elsewhere. It was M. Marchal who was responsible for the sixty Tax Collectors coming to the town. He had read in some official circular that the Ministry of Finance intended organising a two months' course, with an examination at the end of it, for selected Tax Collectors; and was looking for a town with sufficient hotels and public rooms large enough for lectures. M. Marchal, ever solicitous for the welfare of the town, submitted to the Ministry that it was ideal for the purpose and was prepared to make sacrifices, at need. So eventually sixty *percepteurs* arrived to stay at four of our hotels. Every morning at 8.30 they hurried along to the Town Hall for their lectures, carrying bulky despatch-cases and enlivening our main streets, which are normally quiet at that time of the year.

Their custom during an out-of-season period was indeed of unexpected benefit to the hotels and shops; though naturally enough no one admitted this aloud. René, who had 17 of his rooms occupied instead of the usual two or three, made a typical comment on the sacrifices involved. "It's not all that good—I've had to reduce my prices for them. I've never known a tax collector do the same for me."

This general attitude was no doubt a defensive reaction to the pest of *percepteurs*. But after three or four weeks it suddenly changed to deep concern. Many of the Tax Collectors were looking tired and haggard; some were ill in bed, and a few—final proof of the seriousness of developments—had gone completely off their food. It was due, they said without surprise, to the constant cramming and the intermediary examinations. René confirmed, in a grave tone, that the men in his hotel were studying every night until past midnight.

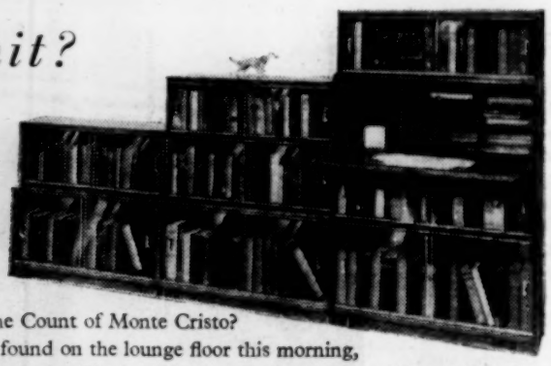
The matter was conveyed to M. Marchal, who was already fully informed and, in fact, had a solution prepared. *Le sport* was the answer, he suggested, twisting in the chair from which he rarely moves except to eat and sleep. The Tax Collectors needed some *distraction sportive* to take their minds off their concentrated work if they were to stay the course. And what better distraction for them than to practise basket-ball in the evenings and then to choose a team to play one of ours? The attendance receipts could go towards the *Caisse des Vieux*, which was lamentably low.

The suggestion was put to the Tax Collectors and they agreed. They agreed, but without being suitably keen about it. We were however—is not our first team top of the National League? Why, our players even alarmed, for a few minutes, "*Les Globe-Trottères d'Harlem*" who came to play an exhibition match. Inevitably then, our veterans won that first match. Only just though, and it was rather a rough game; but we won it. And now the Tax Collectors were after their revenge. They were practising every evening in the market-hall, and all were now eating well.

Yet M. Marchal was undoubtedly worried. He knew, of course, what lay behind the news item. He could see from his window little groups of people arguing fiercely, and the rumblings of opposing factions in the town were carried into his outer office. An ever-increasing number of people were saying that the team of visitors should be tactfully allowed to win. Not only were they and their supporters tax collectors, it was being emphasised, but were the cream, the chosen few, of the Tax Collectors of France. Supposing you moved to another town, later in life, and were the cause of a certain glint coming into the eye of the tax collector there when he heard your previous address? Even our own two resident tax collectors—too worn and jaded by long years of beating against the resistance of their three thousand fellow citizens to have been included in the special course—even our two tax collectors are treated with fair respect and sympathy, and no one in his right mind would beat them at dominoes two games running. *Egotisme!* cried the basket-ball enthusiasts. *Les interêts particuliers* could not be allowed to interfere with the prestigious *gloire* of our basket-ball club. It was inconceivable, *inadmissible*, that even the team of veterans should be defeated. The return match so much desired must be fought to a successful conclusion.

One wonders, with a slightly sadistic thrill, what would have happened in the market-hall that Thursday evening, if it had not been for M. Marchal. Already, the Tradespeople's Association had sent a telegram to the mayor, requesting his immediate return from Paris; to which the basket-ball organisers had replied by ordering the team of veterans to put in an hour's practice. It was soon after this that the town clerk's push-button sounded in the outer office, to ask for the Ministry of Finance file. Then his phone went into action. Half an hour later his discovery, announced with his diffident smile from the door of his office, was being circulated all over the town. The Tax Collectors in our midst were not of the common species, like our own two grey-

Whodunit?



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haired officials, who collect the taxes and control taxpayers. They belonged to the department that controls the tax controllers and collects the taxes from the tax collectors.

Even so their team, playing before a packed, unanimous crowd of townspeople, nearly won—indeed, might well have done so if the referee hadn't been a local man, as the Tax Collectors did not hesitate to point out. But they are fair-minded adversaries: they intend to hold another course in the town. LEN ORTZEN

The Arts and Entertainment

EDINBURGH—II

"HAVE you got your tickets yet for Moira Shearer?" demanded many a Scottish voice, referring, as I discovered, to the Old Vic revival of *A Midsummer Night's Dream*. The curtain hadn't been up long before I saw how right the public's instinct had been. What Michael Benthall's production offered us was, first and foremost, Miss Shearer as Titania and Mr. Helpmann as Oberon; then Mendelssohn, in full strength and at full length; then a rather pretty series of grey-green tableaux designed by the brothers Ironside to fit the great stage of New York's Metropolitan Opera House and therefore only half visible behind the oddly elongated proscenium of the Empire Theatre; and last—a long way last—as much of Shakespeare's enchanting play as could be squeezed into the remains of a long evening. Enchanting? Well, for enchantment we had to look to the trimmings: to Mendelssohn, who certainly earns the word; to the elaborate mechanism of the ass's head; and to the ballet "sequences" which, without being first-class ballet, at least enabled us to sit through one of the most crudely acted and spoken Shakespearean performances I can remember. The note was struck, and cruelly held, by the quartet of lovers. Helena, for instance, was allowed (or perhaps instructed?) by the producer to guy the whole of her role on a monotonous sing-song whine of comic nagging. At every exit and entrance, in defiance of the text, she was to be heard wailing "Demetrius! Demetrius!"; and in the passage in Act III, Scene 2 where Helena tenderly recalls her childhood friendship with Hermia, the line

Both warbling of one song, both in one key

was delivered with the last four words rising to a surprised squeak, in order to make sure of a cheap laugh. No doubt the producer must also be held responsible for the dreadful cavortings and squealings of Flute, who delivered the whole of Thisbe's part in a train-whistle falsetto which, in the front rows of the stalls, quite hurt the ear. Stanley Holloway made of Bottom a dull dog, and relief came only from Philip Guard's mercurial Puck and Robert Helpmann's authoritative Oberon; a rare moment of Shakespearean magic arose in the brief scene between these two which culminates in "But we are spirits of another sort." The lovely Miss Shearer was vocally tasteful but ineffective; for the rest, though it may be true that every seat for the American tour is already sold, thus earning countless desirable dollars, yet such a production as this can only harm the prestige of the Old Vic in any city where civilised standards of Shakespearean acting and speech prevail.

Of the few musical novelties, only one could be called a major work. This was Wordsworth's Fourth Symphony, played by Sir John Barbirolli and the Hallé Orchestra, to whom it is dedicated. The dedicatees gave the symphony a stirring and tonally very beautiful performance, but—either by accident or intention—resolved the complex 10/8 time-signature of the *alla marcia* section of the work into a straightforward 3/4; whether much was thereby lost we may one day discover. The work is in a single movement and lasts for just under 30 minutes. The underlying musical idea seems to be that of a clash between a bold and confident E flat major and a weary, cautious E minor. In the opening pages of the symphony these two elements make a simultaneous appearance in an impressive introduction; but when the E minor theme was transformed into a quicker version a weakness became apparent. In this form the theme is rhythmically and melodically commonplace, and since the attractive 6/4 E flat second subject of the allegro leans heavily on Elgar for its inspiration, the whole of this important section seemed hardly worthy of the opening—or indeed of what followed. The spectral and sinister march-interlude is imaginatively designed and leads into a prolonged adagio meditation which is the most striking thing in the symphony: beautifully scored and rising to an intense yet unrhetorical climax, it contains some of the deepest and most personal music this composer has yet given us. If the robust and positive conclusion carries less conviction, there is enough originality and beauty in these central pages to explain the marked warmth of the symphony's reception and to arouse a strong desire to make its further acquaintance.

A commissioned *jeu d'esprit* is an oddity, recalling Diaghilev's famous demand to the young Cocteau: "*Etonne-moi, Jean!*" The Edinburgh Festival Society, in commissioning Mr. Rawsthorne to set some of Mr. T. S. Eliot's cat poems, said in effect: "Alan, make us laugh!" Old Possum's neat verses were declaimed into a microphone by Alvar Liddell against a full-size orchestral accompaniment played by the B.B.C. Scottish Orchestra under Ian Whyte. Whether because Rawsthorne lacks the particular nimbleness of aural fancy needed to make a success of such a scheme, or because of faulty balance on this occasion between speaker and music, the result sounded unsatisfactory. We strained to catch the words, and meanwhile the music melted away; I can recall little but a rather obvious Elgarian quotation for Bustopher Jones, the Cat about Town, and a nice series of placidly expanding discords in the piece about the Old Gumbie Cat, who "sits and sits and sits and sits." No doubt there is a good deal more than this to Rawsthorne's music, but hardly enough, I should guess, to rank it with *Façade* or *Peter and the Wolf*.

An interesting group of recent Swiss works was presented by the Collegium Musicum of Zurich, who gave under Paul Sacher some of the most enjoyable of the morning concerts in the Freemasons' Hall. None of these works made so deep an impact as Honegger's already familiar Second Symphony, written in honour of France during the darkest days of the war and concluding splendidly with a solo trumpet riding the turbulent strings with a shining chorale. The remaining pieces were both smaller and slighter. Frank Martin's 1939 Ballade for flute and orchestra shows all the composer's harmonic subtlety and melodic distinction; Willy Burkhard's Concertino for two flutes and Othmar Schoeck's Horn Concerto were pleasing, but unimportant. The latter, like Hindemith's Horn Concerto at one of the Hamburg orchestra's concerts, enjoyed the advocacy of Dennis Brain, who is the modern equivalent of Farinelli: his virtuosity, tone and taste are such that we should be content to hear him play a series of arpeggios, scales and melodic fragments.

In another of the Hamburg concerts, Boris Blacher's *Paganini Variations* scored a brilliant success; I was unfortunately unable to hear the same composer's brief *Inventions*, written for the National Youth Orchestra. Not counting the latter and various other British groups, the usual lavish scheme of the Festival allowed us to compare Danish orchestral style (State Radio Orchestra) with French (Radiodiffusion) and German (Nordwestdeutscher Rundfunk). The Danes, whose sterling qualities I well know, hardly did themselves justice on the opening night, when they

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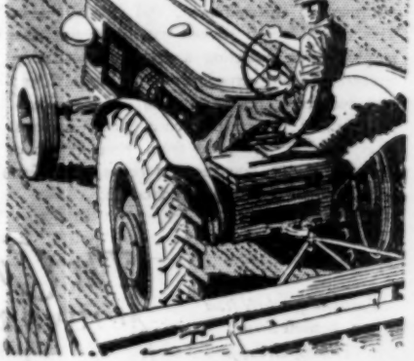

chose a piece of second-rate Mozart (the Sinfonia Concertante for four wind instruments) and played it stodgily, following it with Prokofiev's unequal Fifth Symphony. In Nielsen's Fourth, I was told and can well believe, they fully recovered their reputation. The French, under Charles Münch, played Roussel and Ravel with virtuoso assurance and glitter, but were rather less happy in the classics. The Hamburg men, under Hans Schmidt-Isserstedt, were correct but tame in early Mozart, absolutely first-rate in the Blacher and in Haydn's "Miracle" Symphony, surprisingly dull again in Strauss's *Don Quixote*. In this performance, as in almost all the Mozart works played by these three orchestras, we longed for the inspiring touch of Sir Thomas Beecham.

I can only mention the glowing performance of Verdi's *Requiem* given under Sir John Barbirolli in memory of Kathleen Ferrier, in which the Hallé and the Sheffield Philharmonic Chorus distinguished themselves, as did Elisabeth Schwarzkopf and Hans Hotter among the soloists; and the well-planned series of Goethe lieder recitals in which the same two singers collaborated with Gerald Moore. As for Schönberg's *Gurrelieder*, it demands an essay, if only to refute the extravagantly insular attacks to which it has been subjected. Of course it is second-hand and second-rate music; not third-hand or tenth-rate, however, as some critics assure us, but a wonderfully expert manipulation of late romantic idiom during a performance of which the sensible listener would do well to follow the famous Chinese advice on the subject of rape—"it is better to submit and enjoy." I cannot see that this music, full of voluptuous yearning, deserves to be unceremoniously kicked downstairs by people who revel in the weaker specimens of Delius and Elgar and find plenty of kind words to say for the luxuriant daydreams of Bax and Moeran and still lesser fry. Of course, these have the great advantage of being English.

DESMOND SHAWE-TAYLOR

THE IMPOSSIBLE STUDENT

THE position of the art student today is almost untenable, both logically and practically. Certainly thousands of art students exist, but this is largely the result of the ingenuity, buoyancy, determination or pig-headedness of youth. Their position is logically untenable because they are being trained—nominally at least—to be painters and sculptors for whose work there doesn't begin to be any adequate demand. Their position is often almost untenable practically because the grants awarded to them for their period of study are insufficient. There are many students who do not get enough to eat. Not long ago I knew a painting student who was working in a cellar without electric light and with only a 2ft square pavement grid in the ceiling. During the holidays (when they are meant to be studying on their own) one finds students bottle-washing, portering or serving in cafés. Romantics will claim, of course, that such is the traditional and appropriate lot of students. Yet even if one admits this, there are other equally overwhelming if more subtle forms of frustration.

There is the tragic farce of students being automatically encouraged to equip themselves to teach simply because teaching is the most obvious way of their earning their living and retaining a maximum of spare time for their "work"—seldom because they have a vocation for it. Thus, a few fortunate students have the prospect of going to Art Schools to teach painters to teach painters to teach! The less fortunate ones—because children are more tiring—have the prospect of going to secondary schools. There is the growing domination in most art schools of the Ministry of Education examinations, which yield nothing, because on one hand they don't demand enough discipline and, on the other, are inhibitingly unimaginative. And finally, there is the way art students are taught. Much could be written about this in detail. But what it amounts to is that, because every tradition has broken down, students are presented with the work of half a dozen civilisations and then told to get on with it. Various teachers can pass on various methods or demonstrate their own personal *ad hoc* solutions, but very seldom is any consistent line of purpose or development established in a school. As a result, students can neither conform nor rebel. The majority simply flounder and their flounderings are called "experiments."

An incidental confirmation of this unreality of the student's position is the great increase of public competitions, criticism and exhibitions of students' work. Students are no longer even considered students; they are considered "young artists."

What is so depressing about the *Six Young Contemporaries* show at Gimpels is not the quality of these students' talents—they are all too undeveloped for one to judge about that—but the fact that their work should have been selected for exhibition at all. All of them are evading basic problems because they cannot see themselves as students, because they are trying to run before they can walk. Now this exhibition will encourage them to try to run even faster. Wendy Adams has some formalised scenes of circus figures. They are competently designed but quite empty simply because there isn't enough structural knowledge behind the formalisations. Exactly the same applies to the still-lives of Jennifer Simpson. Craigie Aitchison achieves a specious effect by leaving things out—his portrait head is a fuzz without features—his still-life of a *Jug and Horseshoe* contains nothing else but these two objects painted rather small and coyly placed on a huge purple desert of a canvas. William Belcher paints dream landscapes and still-lives. If a student paints fairly objectively, no one can fairly complain of his work being derivative. But if, as in Belcher's case, his work is subjective, then undigested influences make it pointless. Bernard Cohen experiments with a sort of highly coloured cubism. But again the point about experiment is that it must start from understood premises: otherwise it degenerates into a process of hit and miss. Keith Grant, who is the most promising of the six, has some well-organised and quite atmospheric Welsh industrial landscapes. But a more straightforward painting of an ordinary landscape suggests that his grasp of form is not yet firm enough to justify his geometric simplifications.

I do not doubt the sincerity of any of these students. I have referred to some of the grave disadvantages under which they work, and I am glad for their personal sakes that they have had the luck to be selected for this show. But, nevertheless, the disturbing fact remains that to encourage them in such work can only lead them even farther from any potentially useful function and can only increase the scale of the Great Pretence of which they are already victims.

But finally, and in order to stress the other positive side of the situation, I recommend the reader to go to the Zwemmer Gallery exhibition of *Artists Under Forty*. There Jack Smith, John Bratby, Alistair Grant and T. W. Ward prove that a few students can overcome even the circumstances that I have described. They can overcome it because they have something so definite to say that they teach themselves.

JOHN BERGER

LOOK AND LISTEN

THE Edinburgh Festival, the British Association, the National Radio Show at Earls Court: during the past fortnight they have dominated the Television Service and, to a lesser degree, sound broadcasting. Taken together, how extraordinarily rum they make the society in which we live appear! What, one would like to know, did the crowds who gawped so eagerly at the beauty queens, the clowns and the trick motor-cyclists in the arena at Earls Court, and who turned and waved with such innocent glee into the TV cameras, make—if ever they saw them—of the enchanting Diaghilev memorial programme from Edinburgh, the majesty of Claudio Arrau's playing, or of Professor Darlington expounding Mendelism from the Physiology Lab at Oxford? And plumb in the middle of it all, with the hint of a possible answer in two years' time, comes the news that the Nuffield Foundation is to investigate the effects of television on children and young people; and the B.B.C., not to be outdone, the effects of television on adults.

It would be impertinent, as well as very foolish, to try to anticipate the conclusions of the serried ranks of social scientists who are to conduct the investigations. They are to be welcomed because, as the Nuffield Foundation says, "the body of reasonably established knowledge is very small indeed." There has, however, grown up over the last few years, especially among intellectuals, a considerable body of what can only be called superstition about television and its effects on viewers, and some of this may be worth looking at now. This body of superstition springs, I think, from two sources. One is our changed attitude towards the future, to which television

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obviously belongs. Fifty years ago, when the future was always bright, people who thought of themselves as progressive would have welcomed TV enthusiastically as yet another great medium of education in the widest sense. But now, with the future fearful, everything that belongs to it is suspect. The other source, it seems to me, is that disillusion with democracy that Mr. Henry Fairlie noted in his letter to this journal last week, a disillusion that must carry with it an assumption that the people are not to be trusted, that men and women, even though allowed the vote, must somehow be protected against themselves.

Here, the fear of TV is in effect the fear of a new kind of demagogy. As yet, no instance can be drawn from television in this country, and we turn for our examples to the United States. How much of his power does Senator McCarthy owe to his hypnotic effect on television viewers? But then, another question must be asked: how much has the television presentation of the Senator's methods, his ways with witnesses, his behaviour at the inquiry into the case of Private Schine, contributed to his undoing, if indeed he is undone? If television can make a demagogue, may it not also unmake him? And in all these fears of the political effects of TV is there not at bottom the assumption, which is surely false, that all viewers are going to respond to the demagogue in the one same way?

Television is not something that exists in the abstract. It is nothing more or less than the programmes transmitted by it. Any totalitarian or authoritarian state will use television, as it uses sound broadcasting, the press and book-publishing, in order to condition its citizens as it wants them to be conditioned. The tendency to use it for this purpose is always there, even in a democratic state; but in a democratic state it is up to democrats themselves to expose the tendency whenever they suspect its existence. And intellectuals must realise that, whether they like it or not, television is a fact.

The other superstitions are superstitions about culture. They assume that television viewers are necessarily passive recipients of dope, turned into will-less addicts by TV itself, and that, if there were no television, they would be doing other and better things than watching pictures on a screen. Here I smell confusion arising out of ignorance and a sense of superiority. If the alternative to watching a poor television programme is merely to read the *Weekend Mail*, or sit through a trashy film, while there has obviously been no gain there has also been no loss. But many TV programmes consist of showing viewers how to do things, with the plain moral, "Go thou and do likewise." This is true not only of *Children's Television* but of adult programmes as well; one could instance the excellent gardening programmes, with their admirably detailed instruction, in *Out of Doors*.

The notion that if people were not watching TV they would be reading good books or attending a symphony concert or the local film society is an illusion. A substantial proportion of the public does not read at all, at any rate beyond newspapers and weekly magazines. Such people exist in all classes, and they are not necessarily worse citizens than those who do read, nor are they noticeably less efficient in the ordinary affairs of life. But since they do not read they are impervious to ideas except in the most diluted form. It is here that part of the importance of TV lies; it can communicate ideas to those normally inaccessible to them. It can communicate much more besides ideas. It can stimulate as the printed word for many people obviously fails to do.

But television, as I said, is nothing more than its programmes. Edinburgh, the British Association, the Radio Show. The last, as seen on the screen, may best be counted an enormous spree put on to induce the public to buy television sets; the programmes from *Arenascope* were certainly enjoyed by the audiences at Earls Court if not by those at their fireside. The point is, if those audiences at Earls Court buy their TV sets they will have the chance of seeing and hearing, in addition to programmes at the *Arenascope* level, Claudio Arrau and Professor Darlington. Whether they take the chance is another matter: the great thing is that the chance is there.

WILLIAM SALTER

THE MOVIES

"The High and the Mighty," at Warner's
"The Angel Who Pawned Her Harp," at the Rialto

Films this week being short in both numbers and quality, I have taken my entertainment from a book. *A Tree is a Tree* (Longmans, 18s.) has a Steinish ring for the English reader, which is, however, instantly annulled by its sub-title, "The Autobiography of a Great Director." There is nothing like knowing your own worth. Of course, any Hollywood director who wrote a book and *wasn't* a great director would run the risk of being considered an oddity; King Vidor is better than a good many, and has even, it seems, written his own book. It gives a close, lively and not too fulsome relation of his career, which began at school with home-made cameras, and has included *The Crowd*, *Hallelujah*, *The Big Parade*; and its particular charm is that it mingles intelligence with give-away. The more Babylonian side of Hollywood overflows like a bubble-bath from his accounts of William Randolph Hearst, of Mabel Normand's funeral—where everyone seems to have been looking round to see who wept most. But much the most fantastic comedy is provided by John Gilbert. This "great lover," who carried his parts into real life on the grand scale, is seen in his Russian phase, and furnishing a schooner in which to abduct the Garbo (who suddenly, however, experienced one of her promptings "to be alone"), and scaring a guest in the same room by his bed-time preparations—he laid a revolver on a side-table, practised letting his hand drop on it so that the gesture became automatic, closed his eyes, and turned out the light; his guest, Vidor himself, then felt an imperative need to go down the corridor. Best of all was the encounter with Bea Lillie, who, after a mysterious car accident, asked to be taken to John Gilbert's house, and was rewarded there by his appearance in a blue brocaded silk dressing-gown.

"He led the way into the living-room, and with an elegant gesture directed that the victim be placed on a large divan.

I said, "I'll call a doctor."

"No, please," came the plea from Bea's lips, while her eyes remained closed.

Jack dropped on his knees beside her, kissing her still limp hand.

"Speak to me," he pleaded, "Iris March, speak to me."

Miss March was, of course, the heroine of Michael Arlen's novel, *The Green Hat*, the film version of which was called *A Woman of Affairs*, and starred John Gilbert and Greta Garbo. The story ends with Iris sacrificing her life for the man she loves by ramming her car into a tree.

Now Bea Lillie opened her eyes, looking intently at Mr. Gilbert.

I looked at Eleanor. We were beginning to feel like intruders. The butler had already discreetly disappeared into the night.

Jack strode across the room wringing his hands and sobbing, "She must not die—Iris March must not die."

Bea lifted her head slightly to watch the great lover in his pacings. His cheeks stained with tears, Jack returned to the couch and, in a manner reminiscent of several scenes in which I had directed him, leaned forward to kiss Miss Lillie.

And when the time came for *his* funeral service, there was Marlene Dietrich in the front row "sobbing copiously." "Jack was a wonderful man," remarks Mr. Vidor. So were they all, all wonderful men and women.

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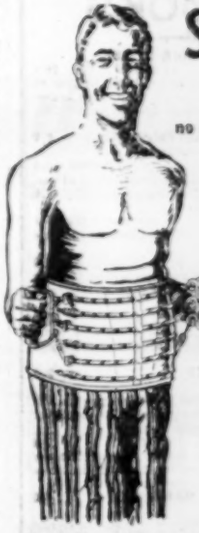

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We leave the author dazzled by the dawn of Cinerama, to come down to the current product in CinemaScope. *The High and the Mighty* is a formula piece about the crew and passengers of an air-liner threatened with a dip in the "drink"; they all go on penny plain, and become tuppence-coloured in the glow of an engine on fire, and it all takes an hour longer than usual. Wildly theatrical and very mildly thrilling. After all, our newspapers give us the real thing week after week.

The aeronautics of a little Group 3 fantasy, *The Angel Who Pawned Her Harp*, are more modest. She descends on Islington with the rather tame assignment of bringing light into half a dozen lives; and stirs up quite a lot of homely trouble. I liked the encounter at the Dogs, the bargainings between pawn-shop dealers and Miss Diane Cliente, through whose innocence shines a fun for which, on the return journey, she is duly rebuked. This adventure won't be to all tastes, but I recommend it to those who enjoy Cockney laughs and a quiet frolic.

WILLIAM WHITEBAIT

"The Diary of a Nobody," at the Arts

There they are, Mr. and Mrs. Pooter in their new house, "The Laurels," Brickfield Terrace, London, N., she arranging the ghastly china, he hanging the papier maché stag's head above the parlour door. It is 1888, and we in 1954 can afford to feel superior about their absurdities of taste and mild pretensions to gentility. (But we can easily have too much of this.) And if the dreadful neighbours and callers are a bit too much, Mr. Pooter himself is a delightful figure from the comedy of manners, and Mr. George Benson takes him with the same admirable gravity with which Mr. Pooter takes himself, knowing precisely his place, but knowing no less precisely the full value of it. Lupin Pooter, their son, leads in the younger generation with their freer, easier manners and their looser sense of form (Mr. Leslie Phillips catches well the vulgar charms of this youth), and on him are strung the minor domestic crises which lead us along. Does the picture compose as a whole—as an ironic genre picture of a little localised patch of life? Not really. The problem of adapting a book is elusive, and it has eluded once again Basil Dean and Richard Blake. Loose ends are everywhere visible, untidy and untucked in. There are some charming incidents and virtuoso highlights, like Miss Diane Todd's pretty singing and Mr. Alan Macnaughton's brilliant impression of Henry Irving in *The Bells*. Edna Petrie, Laurie Main and Brian Wilde score with clever caricatures, but in general the larger and easier targets are aimed at and hit.

T. C. W.

The City Ballet Society, at Toynbee Hall

Lunch-hour ballet was a war-time institution that has not survived the rigours of peace; but the City Ballet Society is trying to reintroduce the habit with the public by giving a programme of short ballets from 1.15 to 1.45 p.m. Obviously this venture will have some hard going and need thousands of pamphlets in hundreds of city offices to set an audience moving. But the plan is sound, for the dancers, instead of starving for their art, are already employed at night in West End shows. The company gives two ballets and a guest artist sings. The first work last week was *Sonata in D* with choreography by the artistic director, Philippe Perrottet, and music by Mozart. This is an unexciting little piece in the abstract, classical form that, since *Symphonic Variations* was such a success, has become an accepted style of modern ballet. The old convention that female dancers who are not of the top rank should cover their knees seemed in this case an excellent one, for great technical skill is needed before such difficult yet pure movements, as are used in these works, can become beautiful. The second ballet, *Celeste and Celestinha*, is far more suitable, being a jolly, Portuguese fishing village comedy with a lively decor and some simple fun over a tall and short sister. This seemed the right kind of lunch-time entertainment for a small company, and there is no good reason why, if properly organised, it should not become popular.

A. F.

Correspondence

THE NEW DESPOTISM

Sir,—I had been reading all about the New Despotism, in Henry Fairlie's letter, R. H. S. Crossman's articles, and your other correspondents' letters, when I went to have my hair cut. Had I been away yet, asked the barber; he had, in a manner of speaking and unfortunately—sixteen weeks in hospital with a duodenal. But he was all right now, and the wonderful thing was the family hadn't suffered. "You'd hardly believe it, sixteen weeks off work and no hardship in the home. The National Health of course."

That set me a problem. Obviously one oughtn't to let the poor fellow wallow in his delusions. Yet how to explain to him that he was really suffering under the New Despotism in its most horrible form? "How did they treat you?" I began, expecting at least to hear of hospital rigours. "Wonderful," he said; "best medical attention money could have bought. Food good; lots of company in the ward, much better than a private room." But the main thing was that the family had drawn full benefit all the time and had never been in want. Why, a thing like that used to mean sheer disaster to a family.

I came to the conclusion that the man was a hopeless case: I should never be able to get him to see that those nurses who had cared for him were now soulless Civil Servants grinding him down; that the clerks who had paid his family their Health benefits were really vampires against whose pitiless exactions he had no appeal. Why, the ignorant fellow might even refuse to share Mr. Fairlie's disillusionment with the democracy by means of which he and his fellow wage-earners had voted themselves the National Health Service. He might refuse to rush with Mr. Fairlie to the defence of those last, frail, precious guardians of our liberties, the I.C.I., the T. and G.W.U., Lord Beaverbrook and Sir L. Lord.

Worse still, if I tried to make him see the light, he might begin examining the motives of those middle-class intellectuals who have discovered the awful menace of the contemporary State. He might suggest—the man was no fool—that it was a funny coincidence that the middle class has discovered the menace of the State and the subtle dangers of democracy, just when the wage-earners have begun to exercise by democratic means a measure of control over the State—just when that near monopoly of State power which the British middle and upper classes enjoyed for a century and more is becoming qualified.

The fellow (for all I knew he might be little better than a materialist!) might actually say that what the middle class really found so repugnant about the contemporary State was that it was now being used to modify the distribution of the national income, so that money, which would have gone to pay for many a deft parlourmaid in many a suburban home, was being used to pay for the National Health Service.

And finally, he might have asked what was "the State," anyway. Wasn't it just a thing—an apparatus—which could indeed be used oppressively by this or that interest, or group, or class of persons, but which couldn't itself possibly oppress anybody? Wasn't it a rather primitive way of thinking and writing to talk as if "the State" had an independent existence of its own apart from the men, or categories of men, who wielded its power? Wasn't it the wage-earners, using the democratic State in their own interests, that the middle class really feared?

So I thought better of trying to explain about the New Despotism to the barber. He might have run the clippers right through my few remaining hairs.

JOHN STRACHEY

GREY EMINENCES

SIR,—I cannot help feeling that J. B. Priestley's article in your issue of September 4 is very much off the mark. He is quite right in drawing attention to the existence of a class of scientists who have made their way up under difficulties, some of whom have developed as extremely narrow characters; I imagine that the same social forces have produced

the same sort of character in other walks of life, the man who has kept his nose to his own particular grindstone till he has eyes for nothing else. But Mr. Priestley's conclusions about the development of modern society do not follow logically.

First, there are plenty of scientists who are by no means narrow in their experience; I have met both the broad and the narrow type. There is, in my experience, little correlation between broad interests and a tendency to see people as objects to be manipulated, for their own good or for ulterior means, or as irrelevancies compared with the fun of solving technical problems. I have one scientist in mind who is particularly ready to look on people as objects to be manipulated for their own good: he has a keen appreciation of the literature (including the poetry) of three languages and of painting, an interest in philosophy, and extensive personal relations. I could multiply examples. It may be relevant that Leonardo da Vinci put his skill in the invention of engines of war high in the list of his qualifications.

Secondly, it is true that no elected assembly has positively decided to develop H-bombs, nerve gases, or other horrors. But all the decisions to put up the vast resources needed for the development of such things come through non-scientific channels, by decision of the civil servant (not usually a scientist) and his Minister. The decision to develop the atomic bomb, for example, was essentially that of Roosevelt and Churchill. It is arguable that they ought to have discussed it with Parliament and Congress first (though it seems highly improbable they would have dreamed of so doing). It is a little unfair to blame the scientist for anything more than telling the authorities that the thing might work; unless Mr. Priestley would suggest that the scientist ought to refuse to work on such a thing even when the political authorities had decided on it. Again, perhaps he ought; it is a moot point whether such a refusal is a heroic moral stand or an undemocratic flouting of public decisions.

Finally, if I understand him aright, Mr. Priestley blames modern scientific development for squeezing the juice out of most people's lives. I agree that most people's lives are pretty desiccated; and the working of the modern industrial system (which is quite as much an economic as a technological creation) gives little chance of much else. But has any large-scale civilisation done much better? Are the debased thrills of the Sunday press, which Mr. Priestley rightly denounces, any more than the modern equivalent of the Roman arena, or the visits to Bedlam to laugh at the lunatics? The main difference is the scale of the Sunday press, made possible by widespread literacy, printing machinery, and the evolution of the press as primarily a means of making money.

TOM BUSHEL

FRENCHMEN WITHOUT HOUSES

SIR,—In his recent article Alexander Werth gave the impression that Government loans were available to *buy* houses. Unfortunately this is not strictly true. The loans are only available for people who are prepared to *build* houses, and apart from the necessary £300-£400 capital one must also be the owner of a building plot. The cost of land has rocketed so high in the last year that in the Paris area one needs to count £1,000 for even a modest plot, so that the Government's help is non-existent so far as most people are concerned.

Only the boldest people embark on the project of private building, which takes at least a year to eighteen months for a normal two-bedroomed house. Most of this time is taken up in finding a building plot, designing the house, and awaiting official approval of the designs. It is quite usual to spend 6 to 7 months awaiting the Government's approval, which is often conditional on numerous technical modifications—to the detriment of the plan. Under the *Plan Courant*, for example, a bathroom is not allowed though a shower is permissible. As one man said to me, "So long as you wash standing up, the Government will lend you money, but to wash lying down is considered an unnecessary luxury."

The general shortage of capital, and above all of credit from the banks, put a brake even on Government-assisted private building. Friends of ours who have been living for a year in a family Pension, at a weekly cost aptly described as "une petite ruine" (i.e. about £20 a week for two) had at last reached the stage of seeing the walls of their little house rising from the ground when the contractor went bankrupt. They must now spend nearly another year *en pension* before they can enter their house.

Since the "*Crédit Mutuel du Bâtiment*" went bankrupt last year to the tune of 10 milliard francs (£10 million) there are no building societies worthy of the name, so that in order to buy a house a middle-class Frenchman must have ready cash. There are plenty of *empty* houses but mortgages are so expensive, complex and insecure that, as my bank manager explained, "we feel sorry for anyone with a mortgage"—and refuse to help them. Private mortgages can be arranged at 12 per cent. with the loan repayable in five or six years. In order to get round these difficulties a Frenchman selling his house will offer "facilities" to a buyer, accepting so much down with the rest payable over three or four years. When one also considers that houses, at least in the Paris area, are more expensive than in England, have fewer conveniences such as good drains and hot-water systems, and have rarely been decorated since 1939, one can appreciate that Frenchmen at all levels are worse off than their English counterparts.

PATRICK IMPEY
Brunoy, Seine et Oise.

ART AND SOCIETY

SIR,—Mr. Spender has jogged my memory; it has long been my intention to write and thank you for publishing John Berger's art criticisms. Indeed, I now turn to the middle pages of your journal with the avidity a heavily committed punter shows when consulting the last page of a midday paper. John Berger's qualities are rare indeed, and, by insulting them with the Sir Alfred Munnings' routine, Mr. Spender does himself a disservice. It suggests, for one thing, that he did not read John Berger's brilliant review of the Royal Academy show. If he had done so, then he would have discovered that the first lesson in Logic is that similarity does not imply identity; that, in point of fact, there is more room between Sir Alfred Munnings and John Berger than there is between Stephen Spender, the revolutionary poet, and Stephen Spender, the editor of a magazine which is subsidised by the Congress for Cultural Freedom. I am surprised that Mr. Spender, who edits a magazine devoted to art and politics, should attack a critic whose inspirations are art and politics. I am surprised that he should relate the Academy behaviourists to Picasso, Diego Rivera and Renato. I am shocked by his blindness to John Berger's most fair-minded appraisals of such diverse artists as Jack Smith and Gerhard Marcks, and that he should ignore your critic's grasp on technical detail and gift for lucid expression. If there were more Marxist critics of Berger's calibre, then both Marxism and art would be the wealthier. But to condemn John Berger because he is Marxist is as crudely intolerant as would be a McCarthy attack upon the author of *Forward from Liberalism*.

Why is Mr. Spender so angry about the review of town-hall amateurs? It was but one of many diverse reviews. And considering that our Hampstead professionals are producing such arid, necrotic stuff, it is high time we looked beyond the charmed circle. It is reported that Mr. Spender has been purchasing the paintings of Jack Taylor. It is in the provincial town-hall that Jack Taylors are usually first exhibited. Mr. Spender should not attack the source of his own discoveries.

As the Fascist rejection of Reason is itself the result of a form of reasoning, so is the separation of politics from art a political act. It is not the politics that Mr. Spender objects to, but the type of politics. We are political creatures, and weaken ourselves by denying it—which does not mean that artists should be direct propagandists (Mr. Berger would attack them if they were), but that artists are inimitable propagandists, no more able to escape social comment than they are able to isolate the organs of their bodies; more than interesting if they are alive to vital influences and problems of form, less than great if they withdraw into the problem or over-magnify the influence. After all, Stephen Spender was in his post-Communist phase when he wrote that "the task of creative minds . . . is to exercise their imaginations to create works of art which will make their fellow-beings conscious of the conditions and needs of human existence." His letter shows that he has ignored John Berger's talents in his haste to tilt against Marxism. It is, therefore, Mr. Spender who is guilty of imposing "preconceived opinions on a principle of judgment."

HERBERT SMITH
36 Wandsworth Bridge Rd., London, S.W.6.

SIR,—Mr. Stephen Spender likens my criticism to the wail of "a fog-horn in a fog." Assuming that a poet always picks his images carefully, I must thank him for the compliment. For what, in a fog, could even Mr. Stephen Spender consider more useful and necessary?

JOHN BERGER

SADLER'S WELLS DANCING

SIR,—Critic's informant is mistaken in thinking that the recent dispute between the Directors of the Sadler's Wells Trust (of whom I am one) and Equity was about "nine dancers of the Sadler's Wells Theatre Ballet who asked for an increase of thirty shillings on their £7 a week salary."

Equity's demand on behalf of the Company was for a flat-rate increase of 30s. a week for all dancers. This the Directors of the Trust refused because we are convinced that with artists, whose technique, temperament and development vary so greatly, the principle of promotion by merit is vital. Given, of course, that they start at a fair minimum salary. Under the Corps de Ballet scales offered by Sadler's Wells and accepted by Equity, beginners (youngsters straight from school) receive £7 a week for the first six months, rising by 10s. a week each six months, until, after two years, they get £9 a week. This, it should be emphasised, is the minimum. It does not

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preclude a promising dancer from more rapid promotion. It was, therefore, solely on the principle of individual advancement on merit, above the £9 a week level, that the impasse developed. The Directors of the Trust cannot regard dancers merely as wage-earning units, indistinguishable one from another, whose salaries can be fixed collectively. They therefore stood firm on a principle which they consider vital to the continued success of the ballet. In the end, just in time to save the provincial tour, Equity advised the Company to sign their contracts, thereby conceding the principle.

As Critic's informant seems to think that dancers are "expected to live on minimum wages" I should perhaps explain that the Directors were not using this principle as an excuse to depress salaries. The sum of money involved was insignificant. In the new contracts some dancers had been offered more, and some less, than the Equity demand. The point is that the increase offered to any dancer was on the basis of Dame Ninette de Valois's evaluation of his or her work. They were, in fact, being treated as individuals. Conditions today are totally different from those described by Critic's informant as existing in the mid-Thirties. As most newcomers are admitted, at the age of 16 or 17, straight from the Sadler's Wells Ballet School where they have also received their general education, there is no parallel with the length of time of a doctor's training. Conditions even for the Corps de Ballet are in no way comparable with "the cheapest dancer in the cheapest show." As members of a permanent company they are not in constant fear of unemployment, and they know that progress in their dancing will be noticed and rewarded. They receive holiday money, touring allowances, and first-class tuition throughout their dancing careers.

If those responsible for the growth of our national Ballet had not had a lively interest in the welfare of the dancers, the school and the two companies could not have reached an eminence which is recognised throughout the world. PATRICIA STRAUSS

1 Kensington Palace Gardens, W.8.

STAGING SHAKESPEARE

SIR,—I am grateful to Mr. Worsley for his most interesting discussion of my book on William Poel. But he is wrong in supposing that I am an Elizabethan Methodist of the Primitive Observance. I would much rather see a good performance of Shakespeare behind a proscenium than a bad one on a platform. He quotes me as praising "some of the dowdiest and ill-acted revivals of recent years" because they were acted on stages of which I approved. If he is referring (though I do not think he can be) to the Histories at Stratford, then my admiration is impenitent. If he is referring to the Mermaid *Tempest*, I would only say that I prefer a *Tempest* which may in some respects be a little below par to a *Tempest* where the poetry is smothered by spectacle.

I am in close agreement with Mr. Worsley when he asks for a stage which shall give the essential experience of a Shakespeare play to contemporary playgoers. I only contend that we cannot understand what a Shakespeare play is about unless we understand, and, in a measure, demonstrate the experience of the Elizabethan playhouse. This was the value of Barker's Prefaces, that they taught us to understand the plays all the better through understanding how they were originally performed. This was also the value of Poel's experiment in the theatre. When—but only when—we have digested these instructions, are we free to adapt, and even to desert, the pure "Elizabethan" doctrine.

In the matter of a stage, I think we can learn more from the Greeks than from the Elizabethans. If I had the building of a Shakespeare play house, I should design a semi-circular auditorium with a semi-circular apron projecting into it, and the seats going up in a single tier. But these are dreams! If Mr. Worsley wants to get the "feel" of a Poel production, let him read Montague on *Samson Agonistes*. I have quoted this at length in my book. As to what Poel meant by the "tuned tongue," the best clue I can give here was his marked preference for Irish actors. With them, the tunes came naturally, but played on the English voice they all too often sounded absurd. The Irish voice was musical whatever it was doing; the English wasn't. A sense of poetry and an ear for music are not quite the same thing. Poel had the second but not the first. ROBERT SPEAIGHT.

Garrick Club, W.C.2.

LEST WE FORGET

SIR,—The first two paragraphs of Miss Watts' letter are irrelevant. I was an anti-Nazi long before Hitler came to power, and any degree of Nazism or quasi-Nazism is as unpalatable to me in 1954 as it was in the 1920's, to say nothing of the 1930's.

I was commenting solely on the advisability or otherwise of making Lord Russell's book compulsory reading in German schools—or rather (for Mr. Kingsley Martin, doubtless, did not intend this literally) on the spiritual attitude that prompted the proposal. A nation, like an individual, has the best chance of developing healthily if its attention is concentrated on the goodness rather than the wickedness of which it has proved itself capable. You don't reform a criminal by rubbing his nose in the dirt, but by helping him to look at the stars. This is a wisdom antedating Freud and Adler by a couple of millenia or more: and it is a pity that so many men of the Left have failed to catch up with it.

VICTOR GOLLANCZ

HOUSING REPAIRS AND RENTS ACT

SIR,—In view of your references to the above Act, you may like to know that Citizens' Advice Bureaux all over the country are being briefed so as to be able to help their many inquirers to understand their position under this Act and under the Landlord and Tenant Act, 1954.

K. M. OSWALD

National Council of Social Service,
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MACMILLAN

Books in General

To the overcrowded English the lonely mountains and flowering wildernesses of Ireland in the month of August are a lost paradise regained. Here romantic scenery seems to be truly Romantic and unwired to the modern world. Even the well-known resorts of the tourist have the air of early Victorian tourism; and in the small towns we can detect life as it used to be lived in England before the industrial revolution destroyed leisure and personality, and created inexorable convenience and the problem of spare-time occupation. The houses of these towns are packed with Victorian paraphernalia. And, in all that concerns manners, one could be living in the pages of one of those early Dickensian novels which themselves hark back to an age of innocence before the railway and the loom changed us. The pleasant hotels are museums. The scarlet faces of the people, in these places, loll on their amiable jowls; people eat enormously in the manner once peculiar to John Bull, reckless of their figures and, in dress, indifferent to taste or fashion. The torpor and nicety of their conversation have a provincial complacency which has not been disturbed for a century. There is a domestic tone, something cretonnish, the lazy friendliness, the beaming, fleshy tyranny of family life in which the sponge has been thrown in and the law laid down with all the irresistible weight of human lethargy and timidity.

So it will appear to the privileged holiday-maker set free of time. To those who arrive for serious reasons the impression is very different. A Spanish trawler has been lying for ten days in the little port where I am now writing. The Spanish fishermen are angry and bored. "How poorly people live here," they say. "How suspicious they are. They will not speak to us in the street or the bars. They do not laugh. They do not dance. We are Catholics, but not Catholics like these people—gloomy and fanatical." And to the Irish themselves their scene is melancholy. In a hundred years the population has dropped from around eight millions to the neighbourhood of four, and still decreases a little every year. Apt to discuss everything in superlatives, they complain they have the lowest marriage rate in the world and marry much later than any other people. Even if we except the burden of a large population of priests and nuns, there is still a predominance of bachelors and spinsters in the towns and villages. If the average size of the Irish family is twice that of the English, the marriages are few and emigration to England and the United States drains off the gain. A new twilight has come upon the Celt: the twilight of the peasant order. It is not peculiar to Ireland. In every peasant community the young are giving up the land for the cities—for the amenities of the modern world.

This is the subject of an inquiry by a number of Irish and Irish-American writers in Mr. John O'Brien's new symposium.* With one exception the authors are all Catholics and suffer from that prickly caution and fear of causing trouble which vitiates all Irish Catholic attempts to discuss sex. One Protestant writer, Mr. Arland Ussher, is included and he appears to have said elsewhere, in the old, dashing, rancorous manner of Irish controversy, that Irishmen have not "enough sex to perpetuate their own cantankerous species." Some of the Catholic writers discreetly hint at the touch of Jansenism in Irish Catholicism, and beg the priesthood to restrain their frequent denunciation of country dancing and keeping company. Mr. Sean O'Faolain, who contrasts the Irish and Mediterranean attitudes to love, speaks of "profound psychological repressions" in his people. It is next to impossible to get at the facts of the sexual life of any nation, but there is clearly something odd in a people whose marriage rate is low, who marry later than anyone else and who yet do not permit themselves divorce, birth control, irregular unions or prostitution. People who do not believe in divorce can hardly be said to be enthusiasts for marriage. The usual explanations of the sexual reluctance of the Irish are that the most enervating climate in Western Europe drives people to violent sport, drink and living in the imagination, to sublimations of one kind or another; but these arguments from environment have lately received a shock from American reports. It appears that Irish communities in the United States, where poverty and climate no longer inhibit, continue in the habits they have inherited from Ireland. The Irish—in so far as they do not disappear statistically in intermarriage—are vanishing in America, too.

No figures are given to support this statement, often repeated in the present book. It may spring from that exaggerated consciousness of race which is partly a Celtic trait and partly the result of hundreds of years of political oppression. No wrongs have ever been as great as Irish wrongs; no legendary past or prophesied future so rich. If we turn to the social explanations that are put forward by many for sexual reluctance in Ireland itself, we are on firmer and more interesting ground. The devastation caused by the Famine and—almost as important—the criminal eviction of the peasantry by law, war and emigration, have made the ruin a major architectural feature. Everywhere, the roofless farmhouse, the abandoned mill, the broken tower, the lifeless quay. The ghosts of emigrants haunt these stones. In one sense, the effect is not melancholy. Since the Forties of last century, this people has had the energy, the courage and the imagination to break with an intolerable present and to leave. Each ruin is a monument to apathy and despair rejected. The people continue to leave still, now that the conditions of life are far better, because emigration is a magnet. Those who have gone before draw their successors out. We are still left with the obstinate hesitation to marry among those that are left and this symposium is filled with acrimonious letters and interviews which do no more than add to the gaieties of the international sex war. One solid reason is the longevity of the old, the refusal of old parents to give up their farms to their sons. A man may be well into middle age before he is able to marry. Mr. Sean O'Faolain makes a shrewd point when he says that we are witnessing the Irish peasant's painful transition from poverty to relative prosperity. For hundreds of years he has lived the poor, land-hungry, money-hungry life of the lonely farm; his towns have been places of terrible boredom in the long and dreary Irish winter. Now he is better off he would sooner go to the city or wait before he saddles himself again with the burdens of family life. Irish life has been hitherto judged by the spirited habits and outlook of Anglo-Irish life with its pseudo-aristocratic traditions, but now there is a real peasant community in power: cautious, money-minded, narrow, long-headed and unused, as yet, to its new situation. Mr. Ussher here adds his criticism:

> The many Irish land-distribution schemes have had a definitely "pauperising" effect on the nation, and much Irish land remains as useless and under-cultivated as if it were put in pawn to a usurer.

Another writer says that peasant Ireland creates new poverty as it becomes richer: the rich farm lands are turned over to beef-raising for the cities, and that requires fewer labourers on the farms. The point is that city life, run by emancipated peasants, sets the pace.

It must be said that reasons of these kinds and many more severe, have not brought down the marriage rate, the birth rate, nor have they delayed marriage in other countries. I cannot see much in the argument that the sufferings of the Irish before or after the catastrophe of the Famine led to what is rhetorically called "racial despair." The Jews have suffered immensely more than the Irish and have not been so affected. Nor does the peasant system of the bought bride and the calculating groom seem to have affected the marriage rate in other nations. One is driven back upon the mysteries of temperament. I find myself rather listening to the more trenchant, but also more fanciful generalisers, like Mr. Paul Vincent Carroll, who observes that the Irish are a mystical, intellectual and restless people, instinctively drawn to a life of amusement and display. They have shown skill in war, a spirited delight in easy-going lawlessness, in cool enmity; their very rebellions may indicate a hatred of the settled life. Even those condemned by temperament to a life of penurious labour have an eye open for luck and caprices of Fortune. They tell the rosary but they spit for luck in the middle of their prayers. Their nature may be belligerent rather than sensual, athletic in mind and body, rather than concupiscent, more inclined to the casuistries of holiness than to the dialogue of matrimony. It is odd to hear one or two pious writers in this symposium urging the Irish to look upon marriage as "a vocation," and not as something which the sexes first rashly commit and then inquire into at leisure. Mr. Carroll and others say, what any traveller can confirm, that Ireland is a male-dominated society and that there is little for women in it. Women come off poorly in the sermons of the priest who holds, too generally, opinions common in early Christianity. They are obliged to have the belligerence of the males, and a conception of love which suggests the duel. The famous sexual modesty of the Irish—revealed to us violently *à l'envers* in *Ulysses*—appears as a form of hostility. The virgin is armed.

* *The Vanishing Irish.* Edited by JOHN O'BRIEN. *W. H. Allen.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

But, to the speculative outsider, who has been stuffed up by so many clever Irishmen with theories of this order, there does occur yet another theory. The pleasure of being an Irishman—and the pain, too—must be that of belonging to a large family, rosy with content, quick and practical enough to keep the outside world at arm's length, a sea of cousins and second cousins, all well-known to one another, and with no great incentive to disturb themselves. A handful of eccentrics will marry; the rest will plump for the insinuating and beguiling sociability which is their genius. The old tribal tradition, stronger even than the aristocratic, will teach that it is more respectable to be related to someone than it is to be hopelessly committed. "Large families," says the boatman who has just brought me in, carefully watching my eye, "'Tis all a cod." Anyone who has a taste for the bizarre rhetorical effects of racial propaganda and has enjoyed the general Irish protest against life will enjoy this book, both for its good sense and the traditional echoes of the dear lost scream of *The Skibbereen Eagle*.

V. S. PRITCHETT

LOOKING FOR TROUBLE

Once more upon the right, the victimised
Side of the new controversy, dismayed
(As always, for the record), and "surprised,"
You ply, I see, your famous stock in trade,

But shop-soiled now. For Torquemada knows,
When he observes you, to avert his gaze:
A chip so long upon the shoulder grows
Conspicuous, and silly, nowadays.

Yet mockery is a martyrdom, God knows!
And injured virtue, if it only knew,
Is striking most, when least it comes to blows.
But if it knew this, this would not be true.

A complicated matter, you perceive,
The rules are always changing. So beware:
People are more sincere, and disbelieve
In any martyr with a martyred air.

And you were lucky, if the boobies played
Into your hands. Integrity was not
For sale, of course, and yet how well it paid!
And *who* is being put upon the spot?

DONALD DAVIE

CLEAR NIGHT

So it is ended.

They beat the drums, proclaimed
Millennial glory for pretending mind
And built the city, Heavenly Jerusalem
Of amber and milk-white stone
On drifting sand.

And then from the East the savage
Rag-dog Tartars came
Riding the endless Asiatic wind
To sow the continents with seed of salt
And reap with moon-bright sword
A harvest of whirlwind
Fear to feed on.

The vault of black ice is shattered
And back to an apple's room the aeon
Is betrayed.

Like a curling fountain
In roofless dark the curlew calls
Riding the western wind on bladed wings,
And small rain scatters
Down from the summer stars.

PHILIP RAWSON

NORTH AND SOUTH

My Civil War Diary, 1861-1862. By WILLIAM HOWARD RUSSELL. *Hamish Hamilton.* 18*s.*

Six weeks before the Confederate batteries opened fire on Fort Sumter, Mr. Russell of *The Times*, the first and admittedly foremost of the new profession of war correspondents, sailed for New York on the Cunard steamship *Arabia*. In the saloon, he found North and South already at war: Major Garnett, of Virginia, did not sit, eat or talk with Mr. Brown, the young and wealthy New York merchant. Three weeks later, in a despatch to *The Times* after Russell had spent only a few days in New York and Washington, he saw quite clearly that a long and terrible war lay ahead. Summarising this report in his diary, he writes:

> I am convinced that the South can only be forced back by such a conquest as laid Poland prostrate at the feet of Russia. It may be that such a conquest can be made by the North, but success must destroy the Union as it has been constituted in times past. A strong Government must be the logical consequence of victory . . .

It is astonishing how much more clearly Russell saw what lay ahead than did most of the Union or Confederate leaders to whom he talked. He was, after all, a stranger to the country, and though the correspondent in his day had surprisingly easy access to politicians and generals—especially if he represented *The Times*—much was hidden from him by bad communications, or obscured by rumour. Yet, in this diary, there are flashes of insight and shrewd comments that show Russell's brilliance as a reporter; he had strong opinions—his hatred of slavery, for instance—and some prejudices, such as his dislike of the American habit of spitting out tobacco plugs. But he was rigorously honest about facts as he saw them, even when they were unpleasant, or when he personally disagreed with the conclusions that followed from them, and anxious to maintain his integrity as a reporter. He was able, at a time when no Unionist could see secession as anything but treacherous rebellion, and when Southern feelings about the North were so passionately irrational that any compromise was out of the question, to see why both sides, each with justice on its own assumptions, should believe their actions morally and politically right.

Much of this diary's fascination lies in Russell's reports of his conversations: what matters, he knew, is not so much what people say as the way they say it. He quotes the arguments advanced in Louisiana "to comfort the consciences of the anthroproprietors."

> The Negro skull won't hold so many ounces of shot as the white man's. Potent proof that the white man has the right to sell and own the creature! He is plantigrade, and curved as to the tibia! Cogent demonstration that he was made expressly to work for the arch-footed, straight-tibiaed Caucasian. He has a *rete mucosum* and a coloured pigment. Surely he cannot have a soul of the same colour as that of an Italian or a Spaniard, far less of a flaxen-haired Saxon. See these peculiarities in the frontal sinus—in sinciput or occiput! Can you doubt that the being with a head this shape was made only to till, hoe and dig for another race?

One can see Mr. Russell sitting on the front porch of some plantation house, sipping gingerly at his third mint julep as he watches the muddy Mississippi flow between the levees, and listening to such talk, to be noted down that night in his diary. In Jackson, the Governor is another of the men who believe that just as the Lord Chancellor sits on the woolsack, so the British Cabinet sits on a bale of cotton: "The sovereign State of Mississippi," he drawls, as he drops a portentous plug of tobacco just outside the spittoon, with the air of a man who wished to show he could have hit the centre if he liked, "can do a great deal better without England than England can do without her."

Russell was able to see quite a lot of the South before he was driven North by the fear that the blockade would cut his line of communication with Printing House Square, and his account of the South on the morrow of secession is perhaps Russell's most vivid piece of description. But he also caught the atmosphere in Washington with precision; all the disorganisation, the panic, the improvisation of the new Lincoln Administration, confronted with a rebellion it could neither avert nor suppress. It is a pity that there was so little chance for him to display the talents which made his despatches from the Crimea a classic. He never managed to see a battle. He rushed out to the first Bull Run in time to see the Federal troops fleeing back towards Washington, and his frank account of this debacle—returning to America in the pages of *The Times*—made the last months of his visit a misery of abuse and suspicion; but when he was refused permission to accompany the Peninsula expedition, he decided that his inability to "witness and describe the operations of the great army" had brought his mission to an end. No doubt, Delane's sympathy for the South also had something to do with his return; so did Russell's own indiscreet behaviour with the speculating lobbyist, Sam Ward, which led both the British Minister, Lord Lyons, and his editor, to say some harsh things to this expensive and rather indisciplined correspondent. But one regrets the descriptions Russell might have written of Antietam, Gettysburg or Chancellorsville.

This is an entertaining volume, which has been condensed from a much longer original. There seems to be no reason why it should have two introductions, nor why at least one of Russell's actual despatches to *The Times* could not have been included for comparison with his diary entries.

NORMAN MACKENZIE

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As against this, a group of Jesuits were constrained to admit that the Chinese possessed "the excellentest morality that ever was taught, which might be said to proceed from the school of Jesus Christ," and European savants from Leibnitz onwards praised Chinese society for its ethical pre-eminence. The logical consequences of this trend, however, soon became obvious, and in the first decade of the eighteenth century Fénelon led the counter-attack. Through the mouth of Socrates in *Dialogue des Morts* he pronounced the Chinese to be "the vainest, the most superstitious, the most unjust, and the most mendacious

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people of the earth." In 1721, Christian Wolff, a professor at Halle, had to fly for his life for praising the Chinese and their way of life.

Meanwhile, the gulf between Western and Chinese science had widened. When, in the nineteenth century, Western Christendom reopened the campaign for China's soul, it was reinforced by the sword of Western technology. Even so, its failure in the twentieth century can be ascribed more than anything else to the fact that it had allowed its two weapons, the spiritual and the material, to become identified as one and the same in the minds of the Chinese people.

But whatever the defeats of the West in the spheres of religion and politics, it has so far retained the technological lead which ensures a far higher standard of living for its people than that of the countries of Asia, and in the minds of Westerners this fact tends to perpetuate a belief in the unique excellence of Western society. How, for example, can a United Nations or "Point Four" technician, confronted by poverty, squalor, and over-population on every side, avoid the temptation of believing that his civilisation is fulfilling the function of adoptive father to a backward child? He might perhaps be less patronising if he realised the contribution of Asia to the common treasury of human achievement and the indispensable planks it provided in the bridge between the primitive and the modern worlds.

Hitherto, the contribution of the Far East, and especially of China, to scientific thought and technology, has been unrecognised and clouded in obscurity. Dr. Needham's work is a pioneer attempt on the grand scale to remedy this situation.

Among the questions that the writer asks himself are, why it was, allowing that the science of the Chinese has remained on a level continuously empirical, that their discoveries nevertheless deserve to be ranked with those of ancient Greece, and why it was that Chinese backwardness in scientific theory co-existed with the growth of an organic philosophy of Nature closely resembling that which modern science has been forced to adopt after three centuries of mechanical materialism? He observes:

> Perhaps the fact that Galileo and Vesalius and their like were Europeans depended not so much on any intrinsic superiority of the European peoples as upon factors of environment which did not, and could not, operate in other civilisations with a different geographical setting, and the different social evolution which this implied. At any rate, the question is worth investigating.

The tone of the work, as manifested in this first volume, is one of scientific inquiry. Dr. Needham is careful to avoid any suggestion that he is propaganding on behalf of a neglected culture. His methods are at the opposite pole to those of Soviet publicists hunting for Russian "priorities," and his researches, indeed, deprive China of the credit of a number of inventions commonly ascribed to her. Nevertheless, some of the preliminary facts he has elicited are of a very striking nature. For example, he adduces evidence to show that a score or so of basic techniques were known in China centuries before they appeared in Europe. In addition to the well-known examples of paper, printing (both by block and movable type), gunpowder, the compass, and porcelain, his list includes many other key devices—the square-pallet chain-pump, the edge-runner mill, the rotary winnowing-fan, the piston-bellows, the draw-loom, the wheelbarrow, efficient harness for horses (including the postilion breast-strap and the collar), the cross-bow (mass-produced for the Han armies, though Dr. Toynbee claims it as an independent invention in Europe thirteen centuries later), the kite, the helicopter top, deep drilling, cast iron, the "Cardan" suspension, canal lock-gates, and the stern-post rudder. The complete list of the techniques that travelled in the opposite direction, from West to East, in the pre-industrial era, is the screw, the force-pump for liquids, the crankshaft, and clockwork—no more.

Although Dr. Needham is careful to point out that an adequate chain of evidence does not in all cases exist to show that a given technique was introduced into Europe from China, the facts given usually establish a strong presumption to that effect. In the case of paper, to be dealt with by Dr. Needham in a later volume, T. F. Carter has traced every stage of its thousand-year journey to Europe from its invention in China (c.A.D. 105) —*e.g.*, Turfan 399, Samarkand, July, 751, Baghdad 793, Cairo 1040, Spain 1150, and Hérault 1189. Yet Dr. Toynbee, in the third volume of his *A Study of History*, says: "There is no doubt that a mechanical penchant is as characteristic of the Western civilisation as an æsthetic penchant was of the Hellenic, or a religious penchant was of the Indic or Hindu." Whatever else it does, Dr. Needham's work reveals the inadequacy of any claim that a "mechanical penchant" is an exclusive attribute of Western civilisation.

China is like a huge cube that may suffer upheaval by a revolution but will come to rest, still a cube, on another side. A mere change of regime cannot alter her essential nature. While politicians deal in distortion as their stock in trade, it is the duty of those scholars and scientists who still have freedom of action to correct the perspective in a spirit as near as possible to that of the Sung humanists or the Greek symposium. This is what *Science and Civilisation in China* aims to do. The first volume not only exhibits a combination of expertise that has hitherto not existed in any one person, but it is written with admirable lucidity and detachment. The book is superbly printed, contains 36 illustrations, and gives the Chinese characters where required. It is only when the complete work of nine volumes has been published and has emerged from its ordeal of specialised criticism by mathematicians, astronomers, engineers, philosophers, etc., that a true appraisal of its significance will be possible. But even now it is safe to say that after its publication the Western attitude towards China can never be quite the same again. It is bound to be altogether better informed and therefore more understanding.

VICTOR PURCELL

OF ANTRES VAST

The Four Continents. By OSBERT SITWELL. *Macmillan.* 25*s.*

> . . . yet when at the precise early moment of the evening that every light in every building is switched on at the same instant till gold pours down from the windows into the tender dusk as if honeycombs were not waxy but transparent, and the illuminated oblongs spill their streams and torrents of gold into the deepening darkness with a refulgence that is yellow and green-white with still the gleam of honey in it, then the city becomes visionary and improbable, a city devoted to dreams and born of them. . . . And this is to be felt all the more strongly at night when the clamour is stilled, and it is dark, and the people who live packed in the compartments of the great boxes and honeycombs, or lie piled up in the layers of its towers, stir in their deep slumber: for New York, as well as being the solid realisation in concrete, brick and marble, of the visions of its inhabitants, is also the expression of dreams still unaccomplished, and perhaps never to be achieved, because this thronged city is the capital of nostalgia, and the ache of it will never be assuaged.

Sir Thomas Browne redivivus? A younger American novelist? A sequel to the *Mémoires d'Outre-Tombe*? Perhaps the word "refulgence" provides the answer: for who but a Sitwell, who indeed but Sir Osbert, would stride so grandly down the tightrope of that prose? Titles for bad novels scar the way—*The Tender Dusk, Torrents of Gold, This Thronged City;* but the measured and intricate pace will never falter until the drums roll and the trumpets proclaim the finale: "Out of the earth we came: to it we go back." The balanced pen is laid down; the performer slightly bows, and the air is filled with the echo of applause. Once again the world has seen a prodigy, one of the dwindling race of euphuists, as huge and strange and stately as the dinosaurs and mammoths of the past.

Like *Winters of Content, Discursions,* and *Escape With Me!*, this is an illustrated book of travel—or, as its author now prefers to say, "More Discursions on Travel, Art, and Life." His deferential candour recalls the lordly and precise announcements of earlier sub-titles: "Courteous Revelations," "A Book of Tirades and Panegyrics," "Dissertations"—with Edith and Sacheverell—"on Some Aspects of National Genius." But times have changed since polite society tittered at "Tessa, Vanessa and Egbert"; and despite ice-age rumblings in the correspondence columns, it's hard now to remember the Sitwells as a slightly outrageous *avant-garde*. Their paradox was explained in Sir Osbert's autobiography, that full-dress Portrait of the Artist as a Gentleman: for if in the perspectives of Renishaw he appeared to be a highbrow rebel, he was still easily shocked by the frank bohemian bluntness of Wyndham Lewis. Assured, eclectic, and versatile, he is nowadays less defensive; and *The Four Continents* has a mellow amenability that was lacking in the formal opulence of earlier, more monumental work. It avoids the tedium of many travel books by turning their structure inside out: it is not an expanded journal, but a reverie consciously controlled.

Since the days of *Jesting Pilate*, more and more writers have used their holidays abroad as pretexts for publishing disguised books of essays: Peasant Character, Comparative Religion, Western Civilisation—all has been grist to those busy mills. For Sir Osbert, by contrast, the essay is the pretext for the excursion; he surveys his travels with the air of a reflective proprietor meditating on his world. He replaces the usual plodding catalogue ("J. and I were up again early next morning to see the *dogu*, or dawn") with a form reminiscent of the cinema, looming and darting about in time as well as in space. His themes—one might say, sequences—are grand indeed: Towers; Magicians; Flowers and Islands; The Element, Water; The Element, Earth. But if their grandeur seems stark in its simplicity, their details are sharp and bright. Like any discursive Othello, Sir Osbert speaks of antres vast and deserts idle; of the Grand

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Mosque of Kairouan; of Corfu and Montegufoni; of Lake Atitlán and the Great Wall of China; of the John and Mable Ringling Museum at Sarasota, and the Bowes Museum at Barnard Castle. He introduces unexpected figures, known and unfamiliar: his brother and sister; his father, magnificent and preposterous; Elie Nadelman; the Webbs; the Mandalay Vegetarian Society; Hitler; Lord Berners; and the terrible Mrs. FitzDudley Gudgeon. Once, in a delicate moment, he even invokes THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION.

All these related topics, revolved and pondered in the clear sealight of Amalfi, are here spilled blandly on the page, simply linked with *points de suspension*. The method, artfully careless, is not free from danger. Sometimes it ominously echoes the guidebook:

> The visitor ought also to inspect the former Parliament House, in which Mr. Gladstone spoke. It was constructed by the British, and is now the English church.

Sensing didactic irony, one looks for errors, and finds Sir Osbert describing the exchange of golden sovereigns as "unfortunately extinct." One contends also with his foibles: his dislike of *sugo di pomodoro*, that "professional poisoner's tomato-juice"; his smug dismissal of "the simple tourist," who

> will willingly visit the Leaning Tower of Pisa, and even climb to the top of it, while to the same person the exquisite colour and fabulous delicacy of its arcading, and the whole marvel of that group of honey-gold buildings planted down in their flat green meadow . . . carry no message of amazement.

At other times his political and scientific speculations, like those of the popular Sunday papers, seem at once superstitious and banal: ". . . a halcyon age of peace and happiness may be ahead of us . . ."—". . . by means of some instrument as yet uninvented. . . ." Even Sir Osbert's style is not impeccable, although it is the chief glory of the book. Now and then it falls into unintended bathos: "but the birds, glittering in their liveries of blue and green, . . . are still very numerous." Elsewhere, it echoes the dulcimer tinkle of Mr. Dornford Yates: "when magenta-coloured anemones sprinkled the ground of the amphitheatre with their tinsel stars." But lapses such as these are tiny and infrequent: they signify assurance rather than lack of skill. Here and there, indeed, the prose of *The Four Continents* has a delicate felicity which invites comparison with the Master:

> Water poured from the sky, tattooed down from eaves and gutters, dripped and tapped on every surface, on pavement and pillar and step, and drummed on the glossy leaves of the orange trees. The usual gentle lapping of the sea had increased its volume of sound until it seemed a modified thunder. . . .

One remembers Flaubert, describing Emma Bovary:

> Elle souriait là-dessous à la chaleur tiède; et on entendait les gouttes d'eau, une-à-une, tomber sur la moire tendue.

Alike in virtuosity, they are perhaps alike in the deeper limitations that so meticulous a talent implies.

RICHARD MAYNE

THE COLLECTOR

Animals My Adventure. By LUTZ HECK. *Methuen.* 18*s.*

A photograph in the front of this book shows a gloomy young rhinoceros with a halter round his neck. This is Mtoto, who was captured in East Africa by Professor Heck and taken by him to Berlin where he was later killed in an air raid. Professor Heck was in charge of the famous Berlin Tiergarten for many years, and his book is mostly about his travels in Africa and North America in search of new animals for his collection.

This kind of book is fairly common nowadays because high adventure in remote places has become quite a sport whereas a century ago it was only attempted by dedicated or desperate men. Professor Heck does not go further than to give some pleasant gossip about the animals he came across. He tells you, for instance, that monkeys when they search one another's fur are not looking for lice but for salty scurf to eat; that giraffes are six feet tall at birth and give out a roaring sound when anxious; that the hyrax, which is the size of a rabbit, is a relative of the elephant; that gorillas have very sensitive feelings; and so on. The Professor describes his methods of trapping: rhinoceroses are caught in nets, the Abyssinian baboons were tricked into little huts with trapdoors, zebras and giraffes were lassoed from horseback. He is interesting about the places he saw, and rather blank about the people. "Childlike, simple fellows" he calls his Somali companions, but of course without their expert help he would never have caught any animals at all. Where the animals are concerned, he speaks in several parts: as a nature-lover, a collector, a zoologist and, surprisingly, as a mighty hunter. Sometimes his profession seems to stand in the way of his good feelings. He interrupts and shoots a rutting elk for the sake of its antlers, and is honestly bewildered when a big ape declines and dies in captivity apparently from sheer despair. All the same Professor Heck does give a few glimpses of the power and beauty of the wild life, as in a vivid description of a troop of Abyssinian Gelada baboons on the march. "It was wonderful to see a gigantic male keeping watch on a crag; its strange profile, with the bridgeless nose, stood out clearly against the sky; its fine brown mane flapped in the wind."

The most exciting part of the book is when Professor Heck describes the bombing of the Tiergarten in November, 1943. In these raids the elephant house was burned down with the elephants inside, a deer was skinned alive by blast, the giraffes and many of the monkeys were poisoned by fumes or cut by flying glass, the Aquarium was shattered and most of its inhabitants were killed. The popular terror that the animals would run wild in the streets turned out to be nonsense. Many of them could have escaped but mostly they refused to leave their cages, even when threatened by fire. Those that wandered out were usually killed by the cold. In two nights the great zoo was almost completely destroyed. That was the end of Professor Heck's career. In the months that followed he consoled himself with the wonderful meals at the staff canteen. The bears had been made into bacon and sausages, and crocodiles' tails, boiled until they were tender, were thought very good.

PETER DUVAL SMITH

NEW NOVELS

Tombolo. By NICHOLAS FERSEN. *Hart-Davis.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

The Fragile Chain. By ANNIE MORECROFT. *Hart-Davis.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

Black Niklas. By JAMES CADELL. *Gollancz.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

The Moon to Play With. By JOHN WILES. *Chatto & Windus.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

The Passion of Sacco and Vanzetti. By HOWARD FAST. *Bodley Head.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

No escapism this week—just the colour bar, British wickedness, American wickedness, and American misery. I emerge convinced that it is rather a bad idea to write novels about the Vaster Injustices. They have to be weak novels, in the same way that *The Duchess of Malfi* for instance is a weak play when you compare it with Shakespeare's tragedies. The chief characters suffer instead of acting, and suffering is a monotonous business which stops a personality unfolding itself fully. Moreover, the temptation to a chessboard arrangement of Good against Bad is almost irresistible. There *have* been successful stories about the colour bar, such as Alan Paton's *Cry The Beloved Country*. But there the temperature rose to poetry. The book flowed like a single river of pity and indignation, instead of adding grain to grain, in the manner of a true novel, to build up a new and complex world. On

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WOLSEY HALL, OXFORD

the other hand there is the *Darkness at Noon* approach, in which you try to understand the oppressors as well as the oppressed. But as this needs brainwork, humility, and a mature sense of the variety of human types, it won't do for people like Messrs. Fast, Cadell and Wiles.

I must particularly thank Mr. Fast for making it finally clear to me that my distaste for this sort of political novel is something thoroughly justified and almost independent of the weather. *The Passion of Sacco and Vanzetti*, with its dainty scourges and crowns of thorns on the jacket, is the final give-away for all those who make their band-waggon of the hearses of the martyrs. It is a spineless, diffuse, affected book, so dull that it might even all be accurate were it not for the conversations, in which, while the Good recite a jumble of platitudes, the Bad either belch insensitively or shrink back in their chairs, looking suddenly old and frightened. (Besides, why call the thing a novel if not to show that the details are unreliable?) Of course it cannot completely hide its atrocious story of innocent men executed after seven years in prison. But to wrap that in this kind of pink Cellophane is an inconceivable impertinence. Ghouls and vultures!

Mr. Wiles is nothing like so bad He did at least make up his own story. It is about a Negro boy from a farm falling deeper and deeper into trouble in Durban, and it is clear and often moving. Yet, much as I disapprove of weighing books against one another, I cannot help seeing this one as a fainter shadow of *Cry The Beloved Country*. There is a similar plot and the same sort of naive incantatory style. But as the author's real gifts seem to be comic and pastoral rather than tragic, the tension which the style should build up constantly relaxes, and the writing becomes dreamy and dull, relying on mere baby-talk and repetitions. Only at the end does the book rise to tragedy; only in the early passages on the farm does it convey a genuine sense of a strange country.

Black Niklas is a better book, though a nastier one. Its publishers describe it as "Ruritania, 1954 model" which of course is a contradiction. Ruritania is a place of fixed values and happy endings, violent, but only sufficiently to relieve the boredom of readers glutted with security. *Fuit Ilium*. The book does indeed contain many of the right properties, an idealistic princess, an enigmatic queen, a plebeian villain called Bhorosani, peasants, prisons, escapes, and a lot of excellent mountain scenery. But the hero-narrator is British Advisor on Education to the Government, and the whole well-turned narrative is shrouded in the double gloom of contemporary world politics and this man's private philosophy of life. The philosophy consists of a tendency to wonder whether the Oppressors,

> were not a force of pure evil. The word was unfashionable in these latter days. Nobody was black and nobody was white. But sometimes, Vincent wasn't so sure.

Fair enough; that could be as fertile as any other half-truth if one cared to develop it by a study of the accused persons. But the two Blacks named in the book barely appear at all; absolutely nothing is known of them except that they have a bad political record consisting mainly of rumour and that Vincent doesn't like their faces. (The Good of course are represented only by Vincent himself.) As political theory, the book isn't deep. As a thriller it is quite good—there are some alarming moments—but spoilt by that good old English ailment, Spleen.

Tombolo, on the other hand, is a live book. It describes fugitives hiding in a desolate tract of marsh and pine forest on the Tuscan coast at the end of the war. American Negroes and Germans predominate, because both are too conspicuous to disappear successfully anywhere else. There are also a number of Italian women who have joined them. They all live on commission from black marketeers for whom they provide a safe dumping-ground. Mr. Fersen (a young American writer) claims that the place was as he represents it, and that he was there. He certainly writes as if he had been. No chessmen here. He has plenty of compassion, but that doesn't stop him showing both the exasperating qualities of the runaways and those which stop them settling into a stable community. (They are not far from doing so.) It is a very strange and interesting subject, and produces a strange result—an American novel which, though packed with pep, is yet short, lean, and in excellent training. Mr. Fersen is a most promising novelist. Perhaps he will have to cut down on the melodrama some day, and also on his occasional cardboard characters like the German captain. But with this particular subject neither is very damaging.

The Fragile Chain by comparison seems rather an ordinary American novel, yet it is sensitive, shrewd and often amusing. Its heroine is a pretty girl of Anglo-Saxon parentage, rather cold and uncertain of herself because she has been brought up without love, who is irresistibly attracted by a warm-hearted family of Italian Americans. She marries the weak though amiable younger brother, only to find that the stronger elder one outbids him in warm-hearted determination and grabs her for his mistress. She then sets about the painful business of understanding where they have all got to, helped by her genuinely Italian father-in-law, who is over on a visit, and is supposed (rather hopefully, I thought) to be in a position to sort them all out by the time he leaves her. The psychological observation is often excellent—there is a good moment when her new husband has just revealed his childlike dependence on her:

> She could almost have shaken him into wakefulness and cried, "We were mistaken in each other . . . When you said you needed me, I never knew you really meant it!"

The general indictment of American frenzy, frigidity and frustration is penetrating enough; and the European pundit is debunked in his turn, which is satisfying. The only thing that worried me (apart from some padding) is that Miss Morecroft seems to go in for the Worship of the Female. If American vices *are* to be catalogued, a tendency to matriarchy should not, I feel, be left out.

MARY SCRUTTON

FOUR SEEKERS

Nothing Is Quite Enough. By GARY MACEOIN. *Hodder & Stoughton.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

The Root of the Matter. By MARGARET ISHERWOOD. *Gollancz.* 13*s.* 6*d.*

A Scientist of the Invisible. By A. P. SHEPHERD. *Hodder & Stoughton.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

Magical Mission. By GEORGE SANDWITH. *Omega Press.* 16*s.*

You know those intriguing little occultist bookshops, tucked away in passageways, where beaded lady-seekers after the Key rummage among the rival schools of Yoga, and bearded pavement-philosophers ask wistfully: "I suppose you haven't by any chance got Kilner on the Human Aura? I know it's rather rare." At a glance, this batch looks as if it might have come straight out of one of those. Here is the autobiography of an Irish monk, in a very strict monastery; a psychic Empire builder; a manual on loving everybody, endorsed by Aldous Huxley and Gerald Heard; and a study of that very esoteric sage, Rudolf Steiner. Nevertheless there are some surprises. The monk's autobiography, *Nothing Is Quite Enough*, is not only an excellent book, pleasantly written, but a clear, factual record of experience done with an almost scientific exactness. It should hold its own with most of the autobiographies published this autumn; it is far more exciting than the average war-book, nutshell-voyage, or frogman's travelogue. It also contains a tantalising mystery.

At the age of eighteen, Mr. MacEoin, a fairly typical middle-class Irish youth, entered a monastery of the Irish Redemptor Congregation to prepare for the life of a missionary priest. After several years of hard study, contemplation, and self-discipline, he was suddenly told, on the eve of ordination, that he was unsuitable. Why? Too cheerful? Too chatty? Too independent? We

have literally not a clue, and nor, it seems, to this day, has he; for the decision of his superiors had to be accepted without question, no reasons need be given. It was a severe shock to Mr. MacEoin whose vocation was plainly a strong one. He took it bravely, set off to Dublin with £25 in his pocket to earn his living as a journalist. He writes without bitterness but with deep insight into the purposes of a monk's training, so much so that his book has already been acclaimed by the Catholic press in America. For the benefit, however, of any members of our own literary intelligentsia who are thinking of joining his or a similar order, I cannot resist quoting him on flagellation:

> The physical variety assumed many forms, though the precise forms were unimportant once one accepted the principle of the thing. . . Twice weekly came a ten-minute communal self-scourging before bed. Assembled in a long corridor spaced at arm's length and in total darkness, we recited introductory prayers while unrobing sufficiently to apply a many-tailed whip to the bare flesh, a performance carried out in unison to a rhythmic movement accompanied by the chanting of psalms in a monotone. It was a calm detached, impersonal operation. It should have caused considerable pain, for one got the rhythm and did not pull one's punches. Yet the pain was scarce noticed. The effect was more subtle, a firming of the soul and forming of a bond of fellowship as through a companionship in secret rites.

More significant was the extreme religious poverty enforced to induce non-attachment. One of Mr. MacEoin's companions went through a severe crisis because his beloved fountain pen had a gold band on it. After days of worry he surrendered it to the Master of Novices. In general the regime, though severe, does not seem to have been insupportable. Food was not too bad, but they went rather short on sleep. Another hardship was too many dull books; the lives of the saints make dim reading. Yet Mr. MacEoin managed to have plenty of mental adventures, including tracing the Hegelian-Marxist unity of opposites back to Aristotle. In addition to his own story, and a useful lesson in Irish sociology, he gives you a very fair picture of that odd mixture of primitive emotion and subtle intellectualisation of which Catholic thought is composed.

Miss Isherwood is fully conscious of the difficulty of loving your neighbour as yourself (Freud, you may remember, suggested it was either a biological impossibility or a downright perversion) but she is determined to do it or burst in her quiet way. In *The Root of the Matter* she makes a plea for the introduction of an attitude of non-superstitious spiritual altruism into education. Nobody can object to that. Hers is what you might call a superior blue-sky book, with texts culled from all over the place, Thomas Mann, Aristophanes, Maria Edgeworth, and the mystics. On the last page but three she decides that "actually it is no longer true that we have no proof at all of the supernatural," and ends by quoting Aldous Huxley's "Minimum Working Hypothesis."

Rudolf Steiner—*A Scientist of the Invisible*—who died in 1925, was the son of an Austrian stationmaster. He made a close study of Goethe, and after falling first in and then out with the Theosophists and Mrs. Besant, evolved a system of his own which he called Anthroposophy, it covered everything: agriculture by moonlight and rhythmic education. He was a passionate subjectivist and attempted to rationalise his ideas by maintaining that matter was composed of spirit. He claimed supersensory perception and invented an elaborate cosmology in which Atlantis and Lemuria pop up. (The destruction of Atlantis by a fearful cataclysm, brought on by the evil promptings of Luciferian spirits, has ceased, since the advent of A- and H-bombs, to be quite such a joke as we merry rationalists once fancied.) He seems to have been a most benevolent, magnanimous seer, not altogether unlike Swedenborg. Dr. Shepherd's book about him is all very interesting, but one would have preferred a rather more critical study.

Magical Mission is a very odd autobiography, written with endearing artlessness. Its author, after a spiritual misadventure with a vampire bat, stormy schooldays at Radley, followed by high jinks at an Agricultural College, served in Africa during the war and was presented by an Abyssinian with a magic ikon which spoke to him and emitted scents, lights and loud noises. Later he visited Tonga and the Fiji islands and had more psychic experiences. He also did a lot of sex-testing, mainly of stones, with a pendulum. I shall be on the lookout for him next time I visit an occult bookshop.

MAURICE RICHARDSON

SHORTER REVIEWS

The Satanic Mass. By H. T. F. RHODES. *Rider.* 16*s.*

This book, though written semi-sensationally to catch the fancy of the eccentric bank-clerk on a stroll through wicked Soho and not as a work of scholarship, is a commendably comprehensive little Satanist's vade mecum. We open with a survey, scanty perhaps from the anthropological standpoint, but fruity, of origins; meet Behemoth, ingeniously subtitled "The Monster of Yah" and Ashtaroth, the Divine Harlot. Mithraic and Gnostic heresies, and the Templars are lightly touched upon. (Did you know that there is a theory that Thomas à Becket was a crypto-Cathar and that his murder was a Mithraic ritual? Evidence for this is said to be provided by the Phrygian cap which is falling from his head, as depicted in the earliest pictorial representation of the scene.)

The chapter on witchcraft in medieval France touches on the class-struggle aspect, reminding you that Satan was sometimes called the God of the Serfs. There is an interesting mention of Mme La Voisin, most notorious perhaps of all French seventeenth-century Black Mass traffickers; she was a versatile criminal who ran a beauty parlour, poison factory, and abortion agency. In England, Dashwood and the Hell Fire Club are given rather brusque, scrappy treatment. One of the more amusing sections is the one dealing with nineteenth-century France and those

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Out Monday

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two champion coney-catchers Dr. Bataille, author of *Le Diable au XIX Siècle* and Gabriel Jogand, who attributed nameless orgies to the Freemasons and claimed that his secretary, Miss Diana Vaughan, was a direct descendant of Ashtaroth. Mr. Rhodes finds these more entertaining than the contortions of Huysmans, though naturally he devotes some space to *Là-bas*. He ends by coming down heavily on the side of debunking, in which he differs from that other Soho historian of Satanism, the late Montagu Summers, who would cheerfully tell you that he knew of six covens in Brighton which celebrated the Black Mass religiously every Sabbat—while as for Oxford!

Don Quixote of the Microscope: Santiago Ramon y Cajal. By HARLEY WILLIAMS. *Cape.* 15*s.*

"Cajal", as he is universally known to biologists and medical men, was the son of a country doctor practising in Aragon. For reasons which remain obscure, he was as a youth apprenticed to a barber, and later to a shoemaker. He was a wild youth, showing little promise in school except at drawing, but a leader of his contemporaries in escapades which occasionally landed him in jail. To his father, the worst thing about him was his desire to become an artist, and it was on the old man's insistence that he eventually qualified in medicine. Ramon survived a Spanish colonial war in Cuba, tuberculosis in Particosa, and the bizarre methods of selection of the Spanish universities, before he established himself as one of the world's leading micro-anatomists, a Nobel prize-winner and a prominent figure among the radical thinkers of his country.

Mr. Williams, whose book is addressed to the general reader rather than the scientist or historian, gives a readable and perceptive account of Ramon's life, and his descriptions of the Spaniard's encounters with the strange tribal customs of the English and the Americans are especially entertaining. Ramon's standing as a scientist is, however, less easy to comprehend than his personality, and is not fully explained in this book. Having been virtually forced into medicine, he found a way of giving his artistic propensities scope, by undertaking systematic research into the fine structure of the tissues of the body: this entailed the making of elegant preparations for study under the microscope, and drawing them with great detail and accuracy. Ramon's fame rested in particular on his study of nerve cells and their interconnections—a study pursued with exceptional tenacity throughout most of his life, principally at home with the aid of a microscope and simple equipment. This study is one of the foundations of our understanding of the functioning of the nervous system, and is an essential basis of neurology and neuro-surgery.

Who Are The Guilty? By DAVID ABRAHAMSEN. *Gollancz.* 13*s.* 6*d.*

The sobriety of this book belies a catch-phrase title. It ought to be widely read, particularly, perhaps, by teachers. The author, a distinguished American psychiatrist, is too good a writer to employ the hideous verbal superstructures borrowed by so many psychiatrists from the world of the machine to depict the world of human thought and feeling. His theme is that society has the criminals it deserves, and that the guilty are not only those who come before the Courts. Not, in fact, a new theme; but his book, especially in the chapter on murder and violent sexual assault, contains information that is missing from most of the widely read books on delinquency. These crimes, which have their roots deep within the personality of the offender, are also the crimes that do the greatest human damage and arouse most horror and morbid curiosity. But little is known, even by the intelligent lay public, of the way in which they come about, and the problem of effective prevention is therefore not recognised. Our criminal statistics show that about 150 murders are committed every year in England and Wales. Thousands of potential murderers walk the streets, therefore, at this moment. Some have actually been diagnosed as such. Many others could be, with the co-operation of parents, schools, and the general public. A proportion of those diagnosed early enough could be treated, even at this stage of our knowledge. As it is, there is little that can be done to protect the community until they are certifiably insane within the criteria at present in use. We must wait until the murder is committed, so that we may exterminate the murderer. Dr. Abrahamsen presents the psychiatrist's alternative to all this in a vivid and lucid style, and shows, incidentally, how the sincere practice of various religions is consonant with the aims and methods of psychological medicine.

Strategy: The Indirect Approach. By B. H. LIDDELL-HART. *Faber.* 25*s.*

Captain Liddell-Hart's famous book *The Decisive Wars of History*, of which this is a revised and enlarged edition, has been many times reprinted and re-edited—deservedly: for every successive campaign since it first appeared in 1929 has borne out the wisdom of his teaching. This is hardly surprising, for his teaching is in its essence very simple. All military action, as Clausewitz put it, is permeated by intelligent forces and their effects; and the more intelligently one uses one's forces, the more probable victory becomes. To attribute the intelligence and subtlety which generals on both sides displayed in the Second World War to the influence of Captain Liddell-Hart is to pitch it a little high. Like him they had learned their lesson from the bloody shambles of 1914-1918, and abandoned the principles, based on distortions of Clausewitz, which had so fatally misled their predecessors. But no work can be influential unless it is in some way symptomatic and the lessons which it teaches have already been half-learned.

The author, in driving home his point that the indirect approach to an objective is more likely to reach it than the direct, uses the term "indirect approach" to cover practically every intelligent manœuvre and *ruse de guerre*. To call the feigned flight of the Normans at Hastings an indirect approach is certainly stretching the term rather far. He does not do justice to the occasions—and they are unfortunately not rare—when a frontal attack, intelligently undertaken, has produced results: as did the British offensive in Normandy in 1944, which drew the German armour into a costly battle of attrition and enabled the Americans to break out on the right flank. But the central lesson, that campaigns need be none the less decisive for being bloodless and brief, is one that should be crammed into each new generation of soldiers and civilians, and it is comforting that, in the Staff Colleges of Europe at least, the teaching of Captain Liddell-Hart is still held in such high esteem.

Group Dynamics: Research and Theory. Edited by DORWIN CARTWRIGHT and ALVIN ZANDER. *Tavistock Publications.* 35*s.*

This is a formidable work in price, in size (642 pages), and in its general level of complication ("this dichotomisation was made in order to maximise the likelihood of getting a reasonably good spread in the independent measure of perceived power to influence.") But it has considerable technical value. There are very few really good books on social psychology and a great proportion of the important work which has been carried out is recorded in isolated chapters, in technical journals and even in lecture notes. In *Group Dynamics* many of these valuable writings and ideas are brought together in the form of an edited and arranged symposium on the "theory and research findings in the leadership, functions, actions, and patterns of small groups in all areas of social structure." In this it follows the pattern set by such books as Newcomb's *Readings in Social Psychology* and Kluckhohn and Murray's *Personality*, but on the whole is more purposive and coherent, and provides as clear a summation as can yet be made of an important and very new approach to the ancient problem of the individual in society. Despite certain differences, all 51 contributors (in particular the Lewinian school is richly represented) have this much in common, that they base their work on empirical research. They are in fact social scientists, rather than social philosophers, or even sociologists and psychologists, for they are not primarily concerned with social and psychological factors as separate entities, but with a psycho-social continuum. But those who are interested in this subject should graduate by easy stages to *Group Dynamics*, taking as first step, for example, an easier (and cheaper) work like Sprott's *Social Psychology*.

Week-end Competitions

No. 1,281

Set by Maurice Cassel

The *Junior Mirror*, the *Junior Express*—and now the JUNIOR NEW STATESMAN? Competitors are invited to submit suitable contributions for any feature of this publication. Limit 150 words. Entries by September 21.

RESULT OF COMPETITION No. 1,278

Set by Peter Pastmaster

The usual prizes are offered for an excerpt from *The Lime Grove Dunciad*.

Report by Peter Pastmaster

"The spelling and the grammar are Pope's," wrote one competitor hopefully beneath her entry, and this, alas, was about as much as anyone could claim.

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Where were the brains of feather and the hearts of lead? Where were the Palinuri nodding at the helm? Where were the peeled, patched, piebald, linsey-woolsey mummers—or their contemporary equivalents? And where was the ideal viewer, " stretched on the rack of a too easy chair "? Or the hot tempo:

> Keen, hollow winds howl through the dark recess,
> Emblem of music caused by emptiness . . .

Re-reading *The Dunciad* one felt that Pope had practically written the poem already. Maybe it was this realisation that cowed his imitators. Whatever the reason, most entries owed more to the bludgeon strokes of Dryden, though I liked Joan Bowers's couplet:

> Panel on Panel sprawl across the sky
> Where reputations jump and talents die.

Also, D. Hawson's image of TV meteorology and Eileen M. Haggitt's strictures on Macdonald Hobley. I am awarding one guinea to Ongar, largely for a neat Cowleyesque conceit in his first four lines, a guinea each to H. A. C. Evans and Edward Blishen, and half a guinea to Joan Bowers for her couplet. The remainder of the prize money will be reserved to a more talented occasion.

" . . . Aid us, ye twain, be Television's Spur,
Ye shades of *Hilliard* and of *Oliver*;
The Art of Miniature, who can resist?
'Twould give thine Art an unexampled twist
If we could animate these Forms; they'd seem
Like some demented Vision from a Dream.
Let each Performer who invades our Camp
Go out no bigger than a Postage Stamp!"
Thus burbled on the Goddess of the Grove,
Where, in her Cave, the Druids' Treasure-Trove
(Those Druids who had first the Grove explored)
Lay undiscovered—while the Druids snored . . .
Still she continued: " Let them talk, as well;
Full-voice, in contrast. Give the Public *Hell*—
Or *Heaven*, if they want it—both reduced,
And both by Owls directed and produced . . . !"

ONGAR

The Great Director and his Rout, who groom
The Lime Grove Muses for the sitting-room
Sing, while portents glimmer on my sight,
Seed of dread Chaos and eternal Night.
Lo! Ballet bounces with reverb'rate tread
And Murder kills what is already dead;
Next comes some piece to please the tasteless cit,
Pack'd with guffaws, but quite devoid of wit.
Loud plaudits herald a New Parlour Game:
Breathless we wait—alas! 'tis still the same.
We see the conscious charm of L— B—
Vying with A—'s at the sportive toil;
We see the jaunty T— in puns engage
And all th' earth's Egotists in H— rage.
Amaz'd, we marvel then, with what excuse
They move a mountain and a mouse produce.

H. A. C. EVANS

. . . But lest old films, and older jokes, should prove
Not quite enough to win the viewer's love,
A hundred brains (the word's their own) are set
Evolving notions more attractive yet.
At last in one expensive headpiece dawns
The perfect method for producing yawns.
Recalling how defenceless children cry
Whom fuming adults force to play " I Spy,"
" Now let us " (thus he speaks) " extend this blessing,
And bore the nation stiff with endless guessing."
His peers applaud. In this they see their way
To keep the Genius of the Screen at bay,
Who else might, slyly filling in the gap,
Disturb the harmless viewer at his nap.

EDWARD BLISHEN

CHESS : Reculer Pour Mieux Sauter

No. 258

There are various reasons why, despite the many giants now bestriding Caissa's Parnassos, Emanuel Lasker may still rank as the greatest chess player of all times; and the main reason is that Lasker was not merely a tough fighter—so was Alekhine, so is Botvinnik, so are a good many others when put on their mettle. But Lasker sought a fight for its own sake; after all, he was a professional psychologist and the propounder of his very own " Philosophy of Struggle." He knew that, so as to disturb the equilibrium and to tip the balance in his favour, he must take the risk of mixing things up. And what a mixer-up he was on the chessboard! Let us look at a most remarkable (and relatively little known) game, played almost exactly thirty years ago in the great New York tournament where Lasker, aged 56 and a past world champion, emerged 1½ points ahead of the reigning champion Capablanca and 4 points ahead of Alekhine, the future champion and 3rd-prize winner of that tournament. The loser of the following game was Tartakower who considers it one of Lasker's best, most remarkable for the manner in which, while submitting to a fierce attack, he calmly regroups his forces and then, all of a sudden, springs his own counter-attack.

(1)	P-QB4	P-K4	(8)	0-0	Kt-B3
(2)	P-QR3	Kt-KB3	(9)	P-Q4	B-Kt5
(3)	P-K3	B-K2	(10)	P-Q5	Kt-K2
(4)	Q-B2	0-0	(11)	P-R3	B-Q2
(5)	Kt-QB3	P-Q3	(12)	Kt-KR2	Q-B1
(6)	Kt-B3	R-K1	(13)	P-K4	Kt-Kt3
(7)	B-K2	B-B1	(14)	P-KB4?	

This was rather too dashing against so wily a tactician. Now see how Lasker regroups completely, in preparation for his counter-blow.

(14)		P x P	(18)	Q-Q3	B-K1!
(15)	B x P	Kt x B	(19)	Q-KKt3	Q-Q1
(16)	R x Kt	B-K2!	(20)	Kt-Q1	Kt-Q2!
(17)	QR-KB1	R-B1!	(21)	Kt-K3	B-Kt4!

With his next move White prepares to sacrifice the exchange to some considerable positional advantage; note how Lasker accepts the gift, but very much in his own way.

(22)	R-Kt4	P-KB3!	(24)	R-Kt3	P-R5!
(23)	Q-B2	P-KR4			

White had hoped for B-R5 which would have given him the chance of R x P ch. Note now how Lasker, at the expense of a P, simplifies matters to obtain a clear-cut endgame.

(25)	R-Kt4	B-R4	(33)	R-K1	Q x KtP
(26)	Kt-B5	B x R	(34)	B-Kt4	Q-Q5 ch
(27)	Kt x B	Q-K1	(35)	K-R2	QR-KB 1
(28)	B-B3	Kt-K4!	(36)	Q-K7	Q-KB5 ch
(29)	Kt x Kt	Q x Kt	(37)	K-R1	R-K4
(30)	Kt x RP	B x Kt	(38)	R x R	P x R
(31)	Q x B	P-KB4!	(39)	Q x BP	P-K5!
(32)	P x P	R x P	(40)	Q-K7	Q-B3!

The ending after a Q-swop would be hopeless; so Tartakower committed hara-kiri by grabbing the QKtP and permitting a mate in ten moves.

A: Emanuel Lasker
1919

B: L. Prokes 1943

C: Frantisek Richter
1953

The 4-pointer for beginners is a game-position in which White forced a brilliant win in a few moves. How? **B**—White to win—may be facilitated for 6 ladder-points by the useful hint that the study contains a very pretty " echo." **C**—White to draw—is very subtle and hardly a bargain at 7 points.

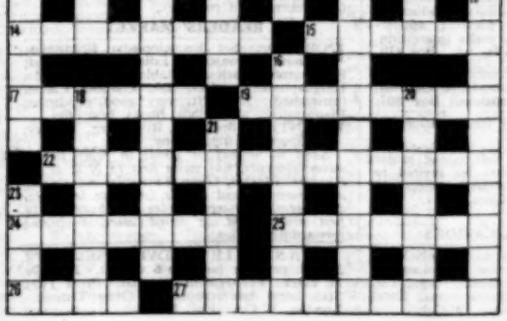
Usual prizes. Entries by September 20.

COMPETITION REPORT

Assiac is abroad on holiday. He will make his report on Competitions No. 255 and 256 together next week.

Week-end Crossword No. 117

Prizes: Three book tokens of 15s. for the first correct solutions opened. Entries to Crossword 117, N.S. & N., Great Turnstile, London, W.C.1, by first post on Sept. 21.



ACROSS

1. Refashioned model I left off and destroyed (10).
6. Go round for a trip in the car (4).
10. Country of the good (7).
11. In the suburb there is nothing for a titled person (7).
12. Slap-happy? (7, 2, 5).
14. Losing one's head in spots by the loch (8).
15. Place of secret amusement (6).
17. We occur in books, all five of us (6).
19. Robbers outlaw a tune, so it sounds (8).
22. Gorgeous creature of the standard advertisement is in the disguise of a bride (4, 2, 8).
24. Go slow workers? (7).
25. Flower whose Latin name is backwards (7).
26. Behaves like animals (4).
27. Study of society figures (10).

DOWN

1. Be critical and make a refutation if there is a page missing (10).
2. Silent actors (7).
3. Flowers not found in commons? (5, 3, 6).
4. Careless in hit and run fashion (8).
5. Do relief work (6).
7. Display of universal anguish? (7).
8. Crazy, but they are often in their shell (4).
9. Wherein the would-be starter is wrecked (8, 6).
13. The mud is up almost above the long-distance runner in these laps (10).
16. Have an artist up to operate under the lash for eye-trouble (8).
18. Shave for an inventor (7).
20. Wartime stronghold starts to fall (7).
21. Compensate and put right (6).
23. Hurried the sections up (4).

SET-SQUARE

Solution to No. 115

PRIZEWINNERS TO No. 115

A. Priestman (*Penrith*), *Keith Hatherly* (*Istanbul*), *Dr. M. L. Hare* (*London, N.W.3*).

APPOINTMENTS VACANT

The engagement of persons answering these advertisements must be made through a Local Office of the Ministry of Labour or a Scheduled Employment Agency if the applicant is a man aged 18-64 inclusive or a woman aged 18-59 inclusive unless he or she, or the employment, is excepted from the provisions of the Notification of Vacancies Order, 1952.

UNIVERSITY of the Witwatersrand, Johannesburg, South Africa. Applications are invited for appointment to the posts of Lecturer (two) in English Language and Literature. The substantive salary scale attaching to the posts is £850×£50—£1,150 per annum, together with a temporary cost-of-living allowance of £234 per annum in the case of a married man. An allowance is made towards travelling expenses. The successful applicant will be expected to assume duty not later than February, 1955. Further particulars and information as to the method of application may be obtained from the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 5 Gordon Square, London, W.C.1. The closing date for the receipt of applications, in South Africa and London, is October 15, 1954.

UNIVERSITY of Queensland, Australia. Applications are invited for the position of Professor of Psychology. It is desirable that applicants should hold a higher degree, have taught at University level, and have carried out substantial research in at least one of the more important fields of Psychology. Salary £A2,095 per annum. Further particulars and application forms are obtainable from the Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 5 Gordon Square, London, W.C.1. The closing date for the receipt of applications, in Australia and London, is November 30, 1954.

UNIVERSITY of Durham. Personal Secretary required for Registrar of University as soon as possible. Salary within range £310–£390 with possibility of promotion. Three weeks' holiday. Applications giving full particulars of age, education and experience should be addressed to the Registrar, Univ. of Durham, 46 North Bailey, Durham.

UNIVERSITY of Durham. Institute of Education. The Institute proposes to appoint a Librarian to take up duties on January 1, 1955, or as soon as possible thereafter. Salary scale £500×£50 to £800 with F.S.S.U. and Family Allowance. Further particulars may be obtained from the undersigned, with whom twelve copies of application, accompanied by not more than two testimonials and the names of not more than two persons to whom reference may be made, should be lodged not later than October 1, 1954. Applicants from outside the British Isles may send one copy only. E. M. Bettenson, Registrar, University Office, 46 North Bailey, Durham.

UNIVERSITY College of South Wales and Monmouthshire. Applications are invited for a Research Assistantship in Economics tenable for one year, with the possibility of renewal for a further one or two years. Salary £450 per annum. Further particulars may be obtained from the undersigned, to whom six copies of application, together with the names and addresses of three referees, should be sent not later than September 25, 1954. E. R. Evans, Registrar, Cathays Park, Cardiff.

GRAYLINGWELL Hospital, Chichester, Sussex. Applications are invited for the post of Psychologist in the Department of Clinical Research. Previous experience in clinical testing and investigation would be an advantage. The successful applicant will be expected to spend most of his time in investigation under the Direction of the Director of Clinical Research; a small proportion of his time will be devoted to the psychological testing of patients for clinical purposes. Salary will be according to the scale laid down by the Ministry of Health for psychologists in the N.H.S. Applications with full particulars and names and addresses of three referees to be sent to the Medical Superintendent within 21 days of appearance of this advertisement.

THE United Cambridge Hospitals. Applications are invited for the post of Psychiatric Social Worker at Addenbrooke's Hospital. The successful applicant will be required to provide social histories for the Psychiatrists and carry out all ancillary work within her province connected with the Department of Psychiatry. The hospital, which is associated with the University, serves a large area in addition to the City of Cambridge. Salary (subject to suitable qualifications and experience) on scale £500×£20—£640. Applications, stating age, qualifications and experience, with names and addresses of three referees, to Secretary, United Cambridge Hospitals, Cambridge, by September 24.

LONDON County Council. Temporary Assistant Organiser of Children's Care Work (£478—£637) in Education Officer's Department. Duties largely training and advising voluntary workers in social work in schools. Social science diploma or similar qualification desirable. Forms, from Education Officer (EO/Estab. 2/N), The County Hall, London, S.E.1, must be returned by September 24. (1192).

ST. STEPHEN'S Secretariat, 2 Broad Street Place, Finsbury Circus, E.C.2, & 316 Vauxhall Bridge Rd. (near Victoria Station), welcomes temporary sh./typists & copy typists. Salary up to 9gns.

EXP. Sec./Shorthand-Typist required by T.U. office. High speeds essential. Salary £9 p.w. Box 854.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

B.B.C. requires Producer (to augment present output) of talks and discussions on scientific subjects specialising particularly in the philosophy of science and relation between science and human thought. He must keep abreast of developments in scientific field and suggest ways in which they should be reflected in the programmes. He will plan broadcasts with outside contributors, carry out preparatory work and production at microphone. University degree in science or philosophy and considerable first-hand knowledge of recent scientific developments essential. Journalist's training and experience, competence in writing or editing scripted material and interest in broadcasting as stimulating medium for discussion of present-day problems would be assets. Salary £870 or £1,085 rising by 5 annual increments to £1,175 or £1,465 maximum, according to qualifications. Requests for application forms (enclosing addressed envelope and quoting reference "403" N. Stm.) should reach Appointments Officer, B.B.C., Broadcasting House, London, W.1 within 5 days.

B.B.C. requires Turkish Monitor at Caversham, Berkshire, to report in English on radio transmissions in Turkish. Complete idiomatic grasp of Turkish and good knowledge of current political events essential. Salary £645 (may be higher if qualifications exceptional) rising by 5 annual increments to £880 maximum. Requests for application forms (enclosing addressed envelope and quoting reference "409 N. Stm.") should reach Appointments Officer, Broadcasting House, London, W.1, within 5 days.

THE Research Laboratories of The General Electric Co., Ltd., East Lane, North Wembley, Middx, have a vacancy for a Statistician. Candidates should hold a good honours mathematics degree, preferably with physics up to at least Inter. B.Sc. standard, and must have completed National Service if under 26 years of age. This post involves the use of modern techniques applied to queueing problems, auto-correlation, information theory, sequential analysis, experimental design, etc. This is a senior position in which personal qualities of tact, initiative, and the ability to get on well with staff (including factory staff) at all levels are essential. Apply in writing to the Staff Manager (Ref. RLO/45), giving full particulars of age, qualifications and experience.

UNIVERSITY Settlement, Toronto, Canada. Applications are invited for the post of Head Resident (Warden). Desirable qualifications: Professional education, varied experience including settlement or similar work, experience in a responsible executive position, demonstrated qualities of leadership, initiative, scholarship, broad cultural interests. Starting salary commensurate with qualifications but will not be less than $5,000. Applications by letter to Prof. C. C. Love, Victoria College, University of Toronto, Toronto. Arrangements can be made for the appointment to take effect at a date mutually agreed upon between Oct. 1, 1954, & June 1, 1955.

FAMILY Service Units require resident caseworkers, both men and women, for the extension of their pioneer work with problem families in Liverpool, Manchester, Sheffield, Birmingham, Bristol, London and other parts of the country. Apply F.S.U., 159 Westbourne Grove, London, W.11.

RESIDENTIAL Social Service centre requires member of staff to cook and take charge of domestic arrangements for 8-10 persons. Salary £170-£220 p.a. and residence. Apply to Family Service Unit, 56 Grove Street, Liverpool.

APPLICATIONS are invited from well-educated persons of good social background for senior posts on appeals staff of important Anglo-Israeli organisation. Candidates should possess initiative, originality, outstanding organising qualities, ability to address meetings, flair for publicity, thorough knowledge British Jewry and Israeli affairs. Write in confidence to Executive Director, Technion Society of Great Britain, 39/41 James St., Wigmore St., London, W.1.

TEACHERS (including few women) of main European languages incl. English invited enrol view future engagements: good presence and personality important; above average conditions for right people. Box 914.

WANTED, cook/warden for private male hostel for displaced persons in Midlands. Single man or married couple may apply. Applicants must have experience with initiative and humanitarian interest. State salary reqd. and send full details: Box 817.

COOK/Housekeeper wanted by small social service organisation in Kensington. Resident preferred. Salary by arrangement. Box 838.

TUTOR required in English for foreign students, resident only, 15 hours a week. Denmark Hill area. Box 918.

COPY-Typist wanted. Able to copy titles in foreign languages for a Library Catalogue, until Christmas. Hours 10-5, no Saturdays; salary 3s. 6d. an hour. Box S., c/o Bartlett's Publicity Service, 31 Museum St., London, W.C.1.

SHORTHAND and Copy Typists wanted for interesting temporary work by the day or week. Generous salary and bonuses. Apply Staff Manager, GERrard 1069.

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CARTOON Artist. Mars Limited require the occasional services of an artist for strip cartoons suitable for reproduction in their magazine and other internal publications. This would interest either a professional commercial artist as an auxiliary job or it would be a profitable hobby for an amateur with artistic abilities. Write to the Personnel Officer enclosing examples of original cartoon drawings. Suitable applicants will be invited to discuss this proposition. Mars Limited, Dundee Rd., Slough, Bucks.

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NATIONAL Voluntary Society, N.W.1. (with cultural aims) has vacancies for (a) experienced shorthand/typist with possibility early promotion to personal secretary (b) shorthand/typist with some knowledge accounts work. Both positions offer opportunity for working on own initiative. Box 802.

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ARCHITECT, Bachelor, seeks unfurnished accommodation to make into flat-cum-office. Any condition. Preferably in area Chelsea to Paddington. Box 485.

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DR. & wife req. furn./unfurn. s/c flat Oct. 1. Conven. Maudsley Hosp. Box 408.

CITY businessman reqs. comf. bed-sitting room with ckg. facils. or sep. kitchen. Must be Central London. Box 858.

WANTED by young woman artist, large room or studio with kitchenette. London area. Box 881.

GARRET or other really cheap accom. in London sought by yng. barrister. Box 788.

UNIV. lecturer reqs. flat, pref. unfurn./part-furn., nr. Kensington. Box 799.

PARIS, indep. flat wanted end Sept. one year min. Unfurn. (or reas. rent furn.) 2 rms. (or 1 large rm.), kit., b., tel. Karin Barnsley, Unesco Av. Kleber, Paris.

SCHOOLS

PINEWOOD, Amwellbury, Herts. (Ware 52) for children 4 to 14, where diet, environment, psychology and teaching methods maintain health and happiness. Facilities for weekly boarders. Elizabeth Strachan.

RAYMONT Schools, Shortlands and Bromley, Kent. Boys and Girls, 3-15 years. Separate Preparatory for Boys. Weekly and Holiday Boarding or full charge taken. Excellent examination results. Apply Principal, Ravensbourne 3272.

ENTERTAINMENTS

THEATRE Royal, Stratford, E.15. MAR. 1075. Tues.-Fri. 7.45, Sat. 5.30 & 8.30. "The Long Voyage Home," Eugene O'Neill.

ARTS (Tem. 3334), 7.30 (ex. M.), St. Sun. 5 & 8. The Diary of a Nobody. Mems.

UNITY Theatre (Bus. 5391).—"Dockers' Tanner." Fris., Sats., Suns. 7.30. Mems. 2s. 6d. a year.

IRVING Th., Leics. Sq. WHI. 8657. Ntly. ex. Mon., 10.30, Sun. 9.30. "Late Night Party." Mems. 10s. yr. incids. Guest Ticket.

EVERYMAN. Ham. 1525. Until September 12: The fabulous Indian film "Asn" (A). From Sept. 13: Fernandel in "The Little World of Don Camillo" (U).

NATIONAL Film Theatre. South Bank. Wat. 3232. Sat., September 11: W. C. Fields, Baby LeRoy in "It's a Gift" (U). 2, 4, 6, 8. Open to public.

PEOPLE'S Pal. ADV. 3520. Sun., Sept. 12, 7.30. "Boite de Nuit." (A) France.

LEWISHAM Film Society. New season commences September 25. Particulars from Secretary, 57, Bargery Road, S.E.6.

CLUB Vienna, 209 Baker St., W.1, opp. Station. Dancing every Saturday from 8-11.15 p.m. at London's Latest Continental Rendezvous. Cosmopolitan atmosphere. Espresso lounge. Admission 3s. 6d. before 8.30, 5s. after.

I.C.A. Dancing to the Dave Stevens Trio, Saturday, September 11, 8-11 p.m., at Institute of Contemporary Arts, 17 Dover St., W.1. Mems. 3s., Guests 5s.

CONCERTS

HENRY Wood Promenade Concerts. Diamond Jubilee Season. Royal Albert Hall. Nightly (Sundays excepted) at 7.30 until Sat., Sept. 18. Tickets: 8s. 6d.; 7s. 6d., 5s., 3s. 6d. at Hall (KEN. 8212) and Agents. 2,000 Promenade (with seating for 440), 2s. 6d., available nightly at doors only.

EXHIBITIONS

GANYMED Facsimiles & Turnstile Prints on show daily, 11 Great Turnstile, W.C.1. Illustrated catalogue 1s. post free.

NATIONAL Exhibition of Children's Art. Paintings, mosaics. Royal Institute Galleries, 195 Piccadilly, W.1. 10-5. Until Sept. 29. 1s. Children 6d.

SCULPTURE In The Open Air. Holland Park, Kensington High St. Daily 10—dusk. Admission 1s. 3d., Children 9d.

REDFERN Gallery, 20 Cork Street, W.1. New Paintings by Paul Feiler: Paintings & Drawings by Christopher Wood. Hours 10-6. Sat. 10-1. Closes Oct. 2.

BULGARIAN Books, Journals & Handicrafts, "Books from Abroad" exhibitions, 2nd series, open daily (no Suns.), 11-5.30, until Sept. 28. Collet's new Book Gallery, 44 Museum St., W.C.1. Lectures, Mondays, 7 p.m., in the Gallery. Adm. free. Chinese Exhibition, October 1.

BOOK Design. National Book League 1954 Exhibn. at 7 Albemarle Street, W.1. British, American and Australian books. Until Sept. 30. Mon. to Sat. 11-5; Thurs. 11-8. Adm. 1s. 3d. Catalogue 1s. 6d.

I.C.A. Gallery, 17-18 Dover Street, W.1. Sunday Painters. Arranged by Robert Melville. Sept. 9-Oct. 9. Mon.-Sat. 10.30-6 p.m. Closed Sundays.

AN Exhibition of gouache paintings by W. Korzeniewicz and sculpture by Dorothea Charol will be held from Mon., Sept. 13, for 2 weeks in "Modern Interiors" on 3rd floor at Woollands of Knightsbridge, S.W.1.

LE Club Contemporain, 5 Whitehorse St., W.1, presents an exhibition of hand-painted scarves and decorative wall panels by Helene Marion. Every day until 7 p.m. from Sept. 10-30. Non-mems. welc. GRO. 1804.

LEFEVRE Gallery, 30 Bruton Street, W.1. French paintings XIX and XX Century. Daily 10-5.30. Saturdays 10-1

IVEAGH Bequest, Kenwood, London. Exhibition of early Wedgwood. Admission free. Weekdays 10-7, Sundays 2.30-7. 210 bus from Archway or Golders Green stations.

GIMPEL Fils, 50 South Molton Street, W.1. Selection from the Young Contemporaries. First Sculpture Exhibition. H. Dalwood.

BRIGHTON Royal Pavilion. Regency Exhibition. Royal Plate from Buckingham Palace. The State and Private Apartments completely furnished. New restorations and exhibits. 10 to 8 daily inc. Sunday.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS

SHAW Society Miscellany (incl. Ellen Pollock), Sept. 10, 7 p.m. National Book League, 7 Albemarle St., W.1.

YOGA. Talks on its Theory and Practice. Tuesdays 6.30, Caxton Hall. Subject for Sept. 14: "Why Live?" Arranged by Shanti Sadan. Admission free.

UNITED Lodge of Theosophists, 62 Queen's Gardens, W.2. Public Lecture, Sundays, 8 p.m.: Sept. 12: "Memory of Past Lives."

RAMAKRISHNA Vedanta Centre: Swami Ghanananda, Kingsway Hall, Holborn, Thurs., Sept. 16, 7.30: Exposition of the Bhagavad-Gita. All welc. Sept. 23: No lecture.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS—continued

SOCIETY for Friendship With Bulgaria. Lectures on Life and Literature in Bulgaria. Collets' Book Gallery, 44 Museum St., W.C.1. Mondays at 7 p.m. Admission free. Sept. 13, Commander E. P. Young, R.N. (Rtd.): "The Role of Peoples' Libraries in the Liberation Movement." Sept. 20, Mrs. Beatrice King: "Education for a Changing Society." Sept. 27, Miss Gladys Driver: "Vaptsarov and Bulgarian Liberation."

CENTRAL London Fabian Society, Wed., Sept. 15, at 7.30 p.m., Aubrey Diamond on "Rents: the New Act." St. Anne's House, 57 Dean St., W.1. Visitors 2s.

POLAND—What is the truth? Meet Delegates just back! Film: "Warsaw Lives Again" (7.30). Folk Dance Group. Speakers: R. Woolf (draughtsman), P. Ellis (engineer), Tom Ball (building worker) and Gordon Schaffer on "E.D.C. is dead—German rearmament still threatens!" Chairman: Bill Ellerby. Wed., Sept. 15, 7.30. (Refreshments and Social 6.30.) Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq., W.C.1. Tickets 6d. from British-Polish Friendship Soc., 81 Portland Pl., W.1, or at door.

CAN We Cut The Call-up? Rt. Hon. E. Shinwell, M.P., Denison House, Vauxhall Bridge Rd., S.W.1., Thurs., Sept. 16, 8 p.m. (Westminster C.L.P.).

SEPT. 13. London Jewish Graduates' Association. Mr. Walter Lever, of the Shakespeare Institute, Stratford-upon-Avon, on "Some Intellectual Cross-Currents in 'The Merchant of Venice.'" Horse Shoe Hotel, Tottenham Court Road, W.1 (next Dominion Theatre), 8 p.m. Visitors 2s. 6d.

MISS D. M. Kerslake, consultant obstetrician and gynæcologist to the Newcastle on Tyne General Hospital, is to speak at a Public Meeting under the auspices of the Abortion Law Reform Assocn., Wed., Sept. 29, Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq., W.C.1., 7.30 p.m. Mrs. Mary Stocks will preside. Subject: "Is Reform Needed?" Annual Meeting 6 p.m. Refreshments provided. Subscriptions, please, to Mrs. A. Jenkins, 53 Gloucester Terrace, W.2.

SOUTH Place Ethical Society, Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq., W.C.1. Sunday, 11 a.m., Sept. 12. Dr. Prynce Hopkins, "Finding our Place in the Modern World." Adm. free. Free copy Monthly Record on request. Chamber Music Concerts recommence Oct. 3.

JUNIOR Discussion Group, South Place Ethical Society, Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq., W.C.1. 7.15 p.m. Tonight, Friday, Sept. 10: P. Q. Keeler, "The National Health Service." Friday, Sept. 17: L. H. Brown, M.A., "The Social Value of the Family Unit." Adm. free.

THE Linguists' Club, Niddry Lodge, Campden Hill Road, W.8. Sept. 18 at 6 p.m. Prof. H. Peri: "Du nouveau sur la langue universelle."

LONDON Natural Health Society—Grand Opening Meeting—Caxton Hall, S.W.1, Monday, Sept. 20, 7.30 p.m. James C. Thomson, of Kingston Clinic, Edinburgh, on "Natural Healing—The Case for Self-Effort." Free to all.

ASIAN Music Circle Autumn Prog. begins Fri., Sept. 17, 8.15, at 41 Fitzroy Sq., W.1. (Under joint auspices of Indian Students' Union and A.M.C.) Indian Music, Ross Bhupali and Bhajan songs. Following Mthly. meetings on Chinese, Japanese and Indonesian Music. Adm. 1s. 6d. members, 2s. 6d. guests. At Door or from Sec., 18 Fitzalan Rd., N.3. Tel. FIN. 2934.

LECTURE COURSES AND SPECIALISED TRAINING

SOCIOLOGY and Progress. Weekend conference Oct. 1-3, arranged by Central London Fabian Society at Lodge Hill, Pulborough, Sx. Full prog.: lectures, films. Fees £1 19s. 6d. mems., £2 5s. non-mems. Dets. Barbara Yellin, 30 Coborn St., E.3.

BRAZIERS Park, Ipsden, Oxon. Send a card for six months "Preview" of weekend courses & autumn/winter schools (incl. Painting & Sketching, Music, Dance & Drama, Lit. & Lang. studies, Social Psychology, etc.).

RUSSIAN by experienced Russian, former Univ. lecturer. Fees mod. Box 9515.

LECTURE COURSES, etc.—continued

POLITICAL Economy. Free. Ten-week Courses begin September 21, 22 and 23 (evenings) in the following areas: Hornsey, Thornton Heath, Ilford, Welling, Woolwich, Putney, Beckenham, Southgate and at Headquarters, 4 Great Smith St., Westminster. Write or tel. for prospectus and full details to The Henry George School of Social Science, 4 Gt. Smith St., S.W.1. ABB. 6665.

BECOME Your Own Economist. London, Manchester, Birmingham, Portsmouth, Glasgow Classes in Basic Economics will open during September (10 weeks, evgs.). Write for prospectus and full details, stating area, to The Henry George School of Social Science, 4 Great Smith St., London, S.W.1.

THE Probation Services. Professional training for students who intend to enter this work is available through the Home Office. Minimum age 21. Particulars may be had from the Secretary to the Probation Advisory and Training Board, Home Office, Whitehall, S.W.1. This advert. should be mentioned.

W.E.A. Central London Courses starting Sept. and Oct., many in conjunction with London University Tutorial Classes Cttee.: Labour Movement, Current Affairs, Political Theory, Economics, Industrial Relations, Art, Music, Literature, Philosophy, Archæology, etc. Fees 7s. 6d. and 10s. per course. Send s.a.e. for prospectus to V. Hamid, 268 Russell Court, W.C.1.

W.E.A. Golders Green Branch. Courses on British History, Education, Literature, Philosophy and The Far East. 1st meeting week commencing Sept. 20. Partics.: Hon. Sec., 45 Woodstock Rd., N.W.11. SPE. 2042.

UNIVERSITY of London Extension Lectures—Ethics, Logic, Philosophy of Science, Psychology, Scripture, Sociology, Theology—Prospectus from the Registrar, The Newman Association, 31 Portman Square, W.1. WEL. 9953.

61 "Leisure-Time" Courses in: A Home of Your Own, The Bible in a Scientific Age, Philosophy, International Affairs, History of London, Literature, Architecture, Nature for Londoners, Languages, Art, Music, Drama, Italic Handwriting, Crafts, Cookery (Men), Fencing, Photography, Travel—Austria, Yugo-Slavia, Spain, Folk Dancing, Woodwork (Men and Women). Canteen, Common Room and Library at the Mary Ward Settlement, 5-7 Tavistock Place, W.C.1. (EUSton 1816.) Courses commence Mon., Sept. 27. Enrolment from Mon., Sept. 20. Syllabus on applin. to Registrar.

B.A. (General), G.C.E. (Adv.). No fees for full-time courses Londoners under 18. Others: fees mod. North-Western Polytechnic, Prince of Wales Rd., N.W.5.

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LECTURE COURSES, etc.—continued

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POSTAGE on this issue: Inland 1½d.; Foreign 1½d.; Canada 1d.

NEW STATESMAN AND NATION, Great Turnstile, London, W.C.1. (Holborn 9471)

Entered as second-class Mail Matter at the New York, N.Y., Post Office, 1928. Printed in Great Britain for the Proprietors by Cornwall Press Ltd., Paris Garden, Stamford Street, London, S.E.1; Published Weekly at 10 Great Turnstile, High Holborn, London, W.C.1.